
by Double Pines

Weird Close

1.1 Chapter 1

It's a school night, but both their parents are working late again, so as soon as 17-year-old Mabel and Dipper Pines arrive home they drop their backpacks on the floor and make elaborate plans to do absolutely nothing productive for a long, long time. The two settle in the living room, Dipper on the floor reading for pleasure while faintly humming the tune of a song from the top 40 station, Mabel sitting on the couch with her feet on the coffee table, watching cartoons out of the corner of her eye as she paints her fingers and toes a vivid shade of blue. They stay like this for a good amount of time before Mabel gets up to microwave a couple of frozen pizzas for dinner.

The two siblings sit at the kitchen table together eating; Mabel goes on and on about some he-said she-said school gossip and only stops when a bored Dipper flicks a piece of pepperoni at her face. She scoffs and cuffs his hat off his head, and soon they're poking and prodding at one another, laughing. For the Pines household, it's a pretty typical night.

After dinner Mabel decides they should watch a movie, a customary part of their parents-are-working-late routine. Their dad's old yellow armchair against the wall has a reputation for having the best view of the TV, and Dipper is quick to snatch up the seat, lounging comfortably while he waits for Mabel to come back with popcorn. Mabel returns and hands him the bowl before pressing play, but instead of going to spread on the couch, she stands in front of her brother with her hands on her hips.

"Scoot," she orders.

A few years ago Dipper might have refused, or at least put up a halfhearted fight, but not now. Now he simply rolls his eyes and makes some room. The gangly teenager has a hard time saying 'no' to his twin sister these days, as much as he hates to admit it. He just hopes she'll keep to her side of the chair, for his anxiety's sake.

No such luck.

First she elbows him playfully. Then she wiggles her way under his arm and wraps her own arms securely around his torso, relaxing her body against his. Inadvertently he inhales the smell of her hair, and the scent is half fruity shampoo, half Mabel. Dipper chews his lip, feeling himself fall into the same trap he's already gotten caught in more times than he can count.

See, this is the type of crap that caused him to have these feelings in the first place.

They're barely 5 minutes into the movie—tonight they're watching *Mama Mia*, admittedly Dipper's choice—when Mabel speaks.

"Dipper, are we weird close?"

Funny that she would choose to ask this question now, when the two of them are cuddled in an armchair meant for one person. He turns slightly red and chokes on a popcorn kernel.

"What kind of question is that?" Dipper asks when he can finally breathe again. "You're the one who crawled all over me."

She flicks his cheek. "Not what I meant doofus. I'm talking about, you know, in general."

Dipper avoids her eyes, concentrating hard on the movie. He knows the answer to her question; in fact, the answer has been eating away at him for almost a year now. The paranoia that is constantly bubbling inside him is always threatening to spill over.

"...Why do you ask?" He fights to stay casual, but he and Mabel are pressed so close together in this chair and he knows she can feel his body tensing up.

Mabel shrugs. "I was talking to Jen in physics today and she told me that some people think we're," she throws up some over exaggerated air quotes, "*weird close*."

His eyes widen and immediately his guard is up. *Shit*. Has he really been that obvious? "Who thinks that?" he asks sharply, sitting up and pulling away from her.

Mabel pauses the movie. She doesn't say anything for a few seconds, only stares at him intensely, her eyebrows raised and a quirk of a smile on her face. He hates it when she looks at him like this, because it feels like she's reading him like an open book.

It's also in these moments, when her eyes search his identically hazel ones, that he swears that she *knows*.

It always makes him sweat bullets.

He tears his gaze away and melts back into the plush chair with a huff. After attempting to use the TV as a distraction and then realizing it's still on pause, his eyes simply dart around the room in a customary 'anxious Dipper' fashion.

Mabel's signature chuckle rings out from his left. Then a dainty fingernail coated in sparkly blue polish is poking his cheek. "Yo. Dip. You're being weird. Why are you being weird?"

The urge to spring up from their father's old armchair and take flight to his room pulses heavily within him. This conversation has the potential to lead into dangerous territory—territory that he has no doubt will drive his twin away from him for good—and it's making him more than a little uneasy.

But Dipper finds himself staying put, because miraculously, he's still managing to maintain some air of casualness. Maneuvering around a prying Mabel is something he's been doing since the two of them could talk—and it's something he's been recently forced to become *pretty* adept at.

So, he lightly slaps her hand away, glancing at her sideways. "I'm not being weird. And you never answered my question."

Mabel is quick to counter, "Well you never answered mine either."

Dipper lets out a groan of annoyance and lets his head fall back against the chair. In response, the persistently playful girl squeezed at his side plucks the old baseball cap off his head to place it backwards on her own. She follows up with a wide grin directed at him. *Loathing* himself for secretly thinking of her actions as flirty, he masks his thoughts well, only crossing his arms and giving her a thoroughly unimpressed look. Mabel sighs and rolls her eyes, deciding to cut her brother some slack and let him win this one.

"I dunno. Jen wasn't really specific with names. But apparently it's a thing that people think. I asked her why but she said she—"

Mabel continues to talk but her words no longer reach him, because inside his head he's wailing with anxiety yet again. The revelation that he hasn't been as subtle with his feelings as he'd hoped has him mentally transporting himself to some police questioning room, with some guy shining a bright light in his eyes and relentlessly asking him *'is it true you've been harboring feelings for your twin sister?'*

A wave of nausea unnerves his stomach, because that little vision isn't all that far-fetched to him. People are beginning to *talk*. They're probably beginning to get suspicious of how he leads his sister around by the hand, even though she knows where she's going. Or how he snatches up any excuse to touch her, whether he realizes he's doing it or not. Or maybe they're skeptical of the fact that even though the two brunets both have decent amounts of their own friends, the Pines twins are pretty much always seen walking around town with each other.

Hell, people have probably already started drawing conclusions. And it's not like any conclusions they come to wouldn't have any merit to them...

Unfortunately Dipper can't help but assume the worst.

This is bad. Bad, bad, bad. If he doesn't pull himself together soon, if he doesn't find *some* way to kick these feelings that never seem to stop gnawing at his insides, he'll be outed as the... the *sick* person that he knows he is. He doesn't want to think about what that would mean for any and all future endeavors, but the words 'living hell' instantly come to mind. Even worse, he'll bring Mabel right down with him. And that's the last thing he wants to do.

God, he's got major issues. What's new.

Dipper squeezes his eyes shut and opens them again in an attempt to keep the small amount of cool he has left, finally tuning back in to hear the end of Mabel's sentence. "—I dunno, maybe it's because we share a locker? But come on, my old locker was right next to the entrance to the boy's locker room, everyone knows how much it reeks over there—"

For some reason, her naïve words cause the thin string that's now barely holding Dipper together to snap furiously in two. He turns to her incredulously, emitting a cynical snort. "Oh come *on*. We both know it's not *just* because we share a locker, it's—it's *everything*! It's—the fact that I barely hang out with anyone else and it's you always hugging me or whatever and—and it's crap like *this*—" He snatches his hat off her head and flings it away prior to gesturing wildly at the lack of personal space between them. "People think we're 'weird close,' because *news flash Mabel*, we probably are!"

Mabel's eyes are still wide from her brother's surprise outburst, but her expression soon morphs into one of indignance. "So, what, just because I do stuff like steal your hat and sit next to you at lunch, it makes everything weird?"

Dipper's eyebrows knit together as he feels his heart begin to sink.

She doesn't get it. *Of course* she doesn't get it, he... he never expected her to. Sometimes he forgets that he's the only screwed up twin. That this is a one-sided situation, his secret burden to bear, and it's for everyone's benefit—especially Mabel's—that it stay that way.

He wishes there was an easier way for him to accept that—one that doesn't involve a relentless twisting feeling in his gut.

"...Dip?"

Roused from his thoughts, he again glances over to his sister, who's still seated next to him. She's doing the staring thing again, except there's no sly grin on her face this time. Regular old playful Mabel is nowhere in sight, her fabled 'serious side' deciding to choose this moment to make a rare appearance.

The atmosphere of room has changed. Everything feels heavier.

He looks away, but can still feel her eyes searching him for answers again, and he wants—no, *needs* her to knock it off. Because she's too close, and if she keeps staring at him like that he might accidentally do something drastic.

Deciding to do the smart thing, the flustered teenage boy starts to unwedge himself from the chair with every intent of getting up, taking a cold shower, and spending the rest of the night confined to his room.

“Forget what I said Mabel, ok? I didn’t mean anything by it.”

He’s already halfway standing when her hand is suddenly grasping his skinny wrist, pulling him back down to her level.

“What *now*, Mabel, I have a bunch of homework to—”

“—Well do you think we are?”

“Do I think we’re what.”

“Y’know... *too* close.”

Dipper backpedals, covertly gulping down the breath that has just caught in his throat. “I already told you, people only think that because—”

Mabel interrupts him again. “I’m not asking people, I’m asking you.”

Dipper falls silent. What is she even expecting him to say to that? Her gaze, while somehow still maintaining an outward appearance of innocence, feels like it’s scrutinizing every inch of him.

This time he can’t look away. He starts to let himself think that maybe... maybe she wouldn’t be looking at him this way if she didn’t want to hear the only answer he has to give. The same answer he’s forbidden himself from ever telling anyone, *especially* her.

The logic is flawed, but it’s like Mabel has him in some sort of trance. And before he can stop himself, he finds himself attempting to get out the words that have been longing to burst from his mouth ever since she first asked him that stupid question. “I think... uh. I think...”

His tongue feels like sandpaper and his ever-persistent rational side screams for him to *stop right there*, that it’s not too late to get out of this without any consequences—

“...I think we can be as close as we want to be, Mabel.”

Well now it’s too late, he thinks numbly, because the gravely earnest tone of his voice says it all.

Her eyebrows have risen high on her forehead. Dipper can feel his face burning, and he knows she can see the blush that is inevitably blotched over his cheeks, ears, and neck. He also knows he pretty much just gave himself away, and now... now comes the worst part. His heart fights to pound out of his chest as he waits for her to say something.

Please say something.

His silent plea is answered only a few seconds later.

“Just—*argh*, Dip. You’re being all cryptic again, you always do this.” She tucks a loose strand behind her ear and starts anxiously chipping away at the blue fingernail polish. “Are... you implying what I *think* you’re implying? Because it’d be a pretty big deal if I’m reading you wrong, and in a very, *very* bad way—”

She’s cut off when Dipper impulsively leans forward to press a hasty kiss to the corner of her mouth. He pulls back quickly, a look of shame marring his features. When he finally wills himself to reply, neither of them recognize the quiet, meek voice that comes out of him. “Uhhm.” His tongue tries in vain to wet his dry lips. “Yeah. That’s... what I’m implying.”

She takes in a sharp breath. “Oh. Wow. I was spot-on then.”

“... Yeah.”

It’s impossible to look her in the eye anymore, so he turns his gaze down to his sweaty palms.

A few beats of stifling silence tick by. Dipper is too busy trying (and failing) to come to terms with the horrifying reality of what he’s just done to notice his twin shift beside him. Before he can grasp what’s happening, Mabel’s abandoning her spot on the chair to—he swallows heavily—tentatively climb onto his lap.

The boy beneath her is frozen with dinner plate-sized eyes while she settles her thighs over his and reaches forward to grip his shoulders. He looks up at her fearfully—immediately he picks up on the fear that is plaguing her face as well. Her lips tremble faintly.

But at the same time there’s a welcoming warmth in her expression, and in the end, that’s what allows him to unfreeze and carefully place his palms on either side of her slender waist.

For a moment the two Pines siblings simply sit in this position. It’s the first time the air between them is so much more than just platonic; this time, there are no uncertainties about either of their intentions. It has them both hesitating.

Then Dipper’s fingers curl gently into the fabric of her sweater, ghosting over her hipbones, and the pace changes quickly. Mabel is gazing at him through her long eyelashes, a concentrated expression on her face as she moves in close enough to press their foreheads together.

Her nose bumps against his and Dipper is sure he’s going to die right then and there. He’s also pretty positive his face has never been quite this red before, because it feels like it’s going to burn right off. Mabel’s blush isn’t faring any better.

His over-analytical brain has kicked into overdrive so hard that the only thoughts he manages to process are *what’s happening, what’s happening, what’s happening—*

“I—we’re really doing this, aren’t we?” She’s breathless, even though she has no real reason to be.

“Only if you want to,” he says quickly, although he has already brought his hands to her cheeks in anticipation.

Mabel hesitates for only a second more before she tilts her head and leans and then—then Dipper really *does* feel like he’s going to pass out because they’re *kissing*, Mabel is *kissing* him and he’s kissing her back and his chest is threatening to *explode*.

She moves her arms to wrap around his neck and parts her lips slightly over his. Before he can stop himself his tongue is in her mouth, moving against hers greedily, relentlessly; he’s desperate for her, for a taste of something he never thought he could have, and the emotions he’s been stifling for what feels like forever all come pouring out at once.

He’s so pent up that a confidence he would never normally have flows freely through his body, all the way to the tips his fingers which have now tangled their way into his sister’s wavy hair. Mabel’s own fingers twist gently in the hairs at the nape of his neck, then they’re gliding over his cheeks, then they’re ghosting down the front of his t-shirt. A shiver runs down his spine.

Dipper has imagined himself being touched by Mabel more times than he would care to admit, and now that he has the real thing his brain wants to short-circuit. He never thought for a second that Mabel might actually reciprocate his feelings. Never, not once. A part of him almost still can’t quite believe it, even as she runs her tongue over his lips.

When Mabel pulls away to catch her breath Dipper doesn’t waste any time moving his head down to her neck, pressing kiss after kiss into her hot skin, snaking his long, awkward arms around her back to pull her closer against him. She’s panting softly next to his ear and he never thought such a quiet sound could have the ability drive him this insane.

He’s not expecting it when Mabel shifts to reposition herself, accidentally rubbing against the crotch of his jeans, so the embarrassing strangled noise that escapes his lips surprises both of them. His already flushed cheeks and nose somehow manage to flame up even more, but before the mortification can really set in his eyes are rolling back into his head because Mabel—sweet, innocent *Mabel*—is now *deliberately* rocking their hips together.

“*Nngh...*”

This time he doesn’t try to fight the throaty groans that are coming from the bottom of his chest, because now he’s too preoccupied with the task of not exploding in his pants right then and there. Dipper is the very definition of overwhelmed as he realizes that yes, she *must* be aware of how hard he is through his jeans because she keeps purposefully dragging herself right over it, making little moans directly against his ear—

Good god, is she trying to kill him?

He can only whimper pathetically and hold her tighter as she picks up speed, burying her rosy face in his neck, occasionally darting out her tongue to plant an open-mouthed kiss over his pulse. Everything has become so hot and heavy so fast and he is nothing short of stunned at *this* Mabel, this foreign Mabel he's never met before who is forward and unafraid and *won't—stop—grinding on him—*

“A-ah—!”

He's only a few seconds away from jizzing hard in his pants when the kitchen phone rings.

The shrill sound has reality crashing down on them hard. His groin throbs in protest as Mabel abruptly stops their furious grinding to sit back and peer at him through hazy, unfocused eyes. Her purple headband is missing, her hair is a mess, her lips are swollen and her cheeks are flushed beyond all belief; he's vividly aware of the fact that he most likely looks like more of a hot mess than she does.

It's obvious that neither of them have any intention of picking up the phone, so they let it ring while they attempt to catch their breaths. They don't pull away from each other, but at the same time they're seemingly frozen where they are. The fiery haze from before disappears completely when the voice of their father comes on the machine, letting them know he'll be home later than expected. By the time the message is over, a sobering effect has washed over the twins, bathing them in guilt and disbelief over what had been going on not 2 minutes ago.

Mabel bites her lip awkwardly while climbing off her brother and resuming her seat next to him, pulling down her skirt and smoothing out her sweater in the process. Dipper leans forward to cover his lap with his arms, attempting to hide the suddenly-embarrassing-again bump in his jeans. His gaze sticks to the wall ahead of him, and he's willing to bet that she's not making any attempts to look at him either.

He's working up the nerve to say something when he hears a snort to his left. Raising his eyebrows, he turns to find Mabel smiling and pursing her lips, attempting to hold in laughter.

She shyly looks him in the eye and shrugs in a lighthearted manner. “Okay, maybe we are weird close.”

1.2 Chapter 2

When Mabel finally breaks away from his lips, Dipper has half a mind to pull her back against him—but he’s done that a few times already, it’s getting late, and honestly, this cycle has the potential to go on all night. So he settles for smiling at her lazily, watching her do the same.

His bubbly and unpredictable twin sister impulsively leans forward to nip at the end of his nose, earning an embarrassingly whiny “Nyeh,” from Dipper; she bites her lip to hold in any potentially loud giggles at his deadpan expression, barrel-rolling out of bed and onto her feet, her brunette waves flying every which way and threatening to escape her dolphin-themed headband, a current favorite.

“Still with the random biting? Really?” He sits up on his elbow, sounding more amused than annoyed.

“Pssssh. You know you like it, bro. Really gets ya goin’, doesn’t it.” She scrunches up one of her hands into a claw shape and paws in his direction, releasing a noise that sounds more like a melting witch than a sexy jungle cat.

“Yeaah. You might wanna work on that.”

Her hands come up to her hips in mock indignation. “Shut up, you. I am the master of seduction.” He opens his mouth to let out another witty retort, but she cuts him off by stooping to press a big, wet kiss to his cheek, complete with an admittedly cute little ‘muah’ sound. “Night, Dip,” she says, straightening back up to ruffle the curly brown mess on top of his head. Then she heads for his bedroom door, taking care to throw an absurdly exaggerated wink at him from over her shoulder in the process.

“Night, Mabel,” he murmurs, watching her go, shamelessly noting the way her pink shorts have ridden up a bit from their extended ‘goodnights’—a nightly occurrence that has become somewhat of a tradition for them over the last few weeks.

He watches until the door clicks shut behind her, then rolls over on his stomach to bury his face in his pillow—which may or may not still smell like her hair—and start settling down for the night.

It’s taken them a little while, but Dipper feels like he and Mabel have finally fallen into a sort of routine concerning their... *unorthodox* relationship, for lack of a better word.

He can’t say it was completely easy getting there. Sure, they established that there’re some mutual more-than-just-sibling-love feelings between them over ‘the chair incident,’ as Mabel has jokingly started calling it—if only because neither of them can really look at that yellow armchair in the living room quite the same... *especially* when their dad is actually sitting in it (Dipper finds himself having to leave the room when he does).

Immediately following the ‘chair incident’—seriously, Mabel snorts with laughter every time one of them brings it up, much to his dismay—they were trapped in this uncharted, awkward state of limbo. While Dipper was secretly ecstatic that not only must Mabel feel kinda the same way about him, a miracle in itself, but *wow*, they’d made out and had what was basically over-the-clothing sex and that was something that his horny teenaged mind couldn’t deem any less than awesome—he was also filled with a plenty of heavy, not-so-ecstatic feelings. Guilt and doubt, mainly.

Guilt, because even though this was probably the luckiest, most amazing thing that’s happened to him over the course of his seventeen years, it was also the scariest. Everything aside, Mabel is his sister, *his sister*, and sometimes (a lot of times) even *he* can’t get around to facing the reality of all that that entails. Being in love with your sister is majorly taboo, no question. But having your sister grind all over you until you’re practically melted down into a puddle of sexually frustrated goo?

Definitely taboo.

Then there was the whole ‘not really being able to look his parents in the eye since the chair incident’ thing—for obvious reasons. So yeah, guilt was pretty much inevitable.

But he preferred the guilt to the stomach gnawing doubt... doubt that Mabel even *wanted* to follow through with a strange, complicated relationship-type-thing with her nerdy twin brother, even after everything that happened.

The first real hint of doubt crept into his mind directly following the—er—*events* in the chair. After Mabel had declared them officially “weird close,” he’d laughed awkwardly, and together they’d endured a few more seconds of silence, she stood up, declaring she needed a shower, and practically ran up the stairs, mercilessly leaving Dipper to freak out over what could possibly be going through her head.

From what he’d learned so far from his (admittedly meager) experience with girls, avoidance was never a good sign. The doubt proceeded to eat him alive; fine, yeah, she was the one who climbed on top of him, but sometimes people get caught up in the moment and make mistakes. It happens. Heck she was probably up there in the shower attempting the scrub away the feel of her brother’s hands all over her, and he didn’t blame her.

Because this... this was just... it was *too* crazy, right? And if he truly, honestly weighed the pros and cons of an actual *relationship* between them from her point of view, he would be stupid to think that things would actually work out in his favor.

When he looks back on it, walking up the stairs dejectedly, but somehow still finding the nerve to lock the door behind him and quickly finish himself off to the fresh memories of his sister’s tongue running along his neck... it hadn’t been his proudest moment, to say the least.

So some shame was added to the guilt and the doubt. He remembers it as an absolutely *heavenly* feeling.

The ever-merciful Mabel hadn't left him to wallow in his anxiety for *too* long however, or so she claims.

It was a few hours after the fact and he was sitting at his desk, staring blankly at his monitor and willing his fingers to type out an introduction for an essay on *The Fountainhead*; he'd been putting it off all week, but at least he'd actually read the damn thing, unlike Mabel. His efforts were futile, though, and he knew it. Both reliving and regretting the best and most confusing experience of his life was *kind of* soaking up all his brainpower.

He didn't hear her come up behind him. Mabel took advantage of this fact as usual, swiveling his desk chair around and laughing at his resulting baffled expression and squeaky yelp ("*I think you mean manly, not squeaky,*" he still argues).

They got to talking; he graciously, albeit meekly, offered her a solid out of the whole thing. For a second, she looked as if she was considering it.

But in the end—he couldn't say exactly how—Mabel wound up on his lap, and they'd made out again in said desk chair in that frantic, overenthusiastic way that seemed to be becoming a trend for them.

Thank god their parents were working late that night. Also, he's starting to think that Mabel has a thing for chairs.

And the rest is history, he guesses.

A couple of weeks have already passed and the warm feeling in Dipper's gut has yet to subside. It's a freeing feeling, really, to have his feelings out in the open now (at least to the person who matters). And they're mutual. *Mutual*. Sometimes it still feels like this is all too good to be true, even though Mabel's given every indication that she's enjoying this new little arrangement as much as he is. Or so he likes to think, at least.

Either way, these last few weeks have been, well, nice. His mood has taken a turn for the better, his anxiety's gone down a bit...

Granted, being in a kinda-sorta-relationship with Mabel has brought on entirely new kinds of anxiety, but, y'know, details. The point is... it's nice, not having to hold in his deepest darkest secret anymore.

Dipper feels more content than he has in a long time, and really, that's saying something.

Of course, they're still trying to hammer out the mechanics of the whole thing. There aren't any set relationship standards between brothers and sisters, so they've kinda had to feel their way around all the newness on their own... yeah, there've been a few awkward points, and there are probably plenty more to come, but all in all, not *that* much as changed. He still yells at her to get her butt downstairs when they're late for school in the mornings (*always* because of her), fights her for the last bowl of lucky charms, and raises his eyebrows when she's added one too many bedazzlements to her shoes, her bedroom door, the inside of their van... she still occasionally pokes him to the point of extreme irritation (while making

fart noises, duh), makes fun of his ridiculously detailed book of personal lists and schedules, and is not afraid to let him know when he should *probably* invest in a shower (“Geez Dipper, you smell like a butt.”). And honestly, he’s happy that their core twin relationship hasn’t changed all that drastically.

Mainly there’s the sneaking around—which is kind of a rush, actually, and here he thought he wasn’t really the type of guy to get a kick out of that sort of thing—and then it’s just, all the little things he wanted to do before, and had to sometimes physically stop himself from doing to prevent mortal embarrassment on his part... well, now he gets to do them.

Like... unabashedly tangling their feet and legs together while she’s knitting some new sweater and he’s watching tv. He can even rub his knee against hers if he wants to, and she’ll just grin at him. Or grabbing her hand and threading their fingers together, just because he feels like it. Comically winking at her when a suggestive song comes on over the radio on their drive home from school. Coming up behind her and getting to lock his arms around her waist and bury his face in her neck.

Just... some couple-y stuff.

Plus, now sniffing her hair is a lot less weird.

So he has to wait until there’s no one else around to do all these things. Who cares? This arrangement is actually *working* so being cool around the ‘rents, friends, and, uh, all people in general is just fine and dandy with him.

And then... there’s the physical stuff. He doesn’t want to admit that’s his favorite part of the whole thing, but... yeah, that might be his favorite part. If only because he’s a really, *really* pent up teenaged guy and it’s the first time in his life that a girl has actually wanted to do stuff with him as much as he’s wanted to do stuff with her. Plus it’s not just any girl, it’s *Mabel*. She’d probably call him a cheeseball if he were ever to voice the thought aloud, but everything they’re doing seems to mean so much more, because he’s doing it with *her*.

Not that they’ve done all that much. Just a lot, *a lot* of kissing along with some mostly innocent touching (he did squeeze her butt once, but he’d aced a particularly tough AP calc test earlier that day and was feeling pretty confident).

When it comes down to it, Dipper hasn’t worked up the courage to initiate anything past a PG-13 level yet... aka, anything past first. The events in the chair were pretty much all Mabel’s doing, and he won’t lie—he kind of wishes that she might be the one to, maybe, start something like that up again. Hey, she’s the self-proclaimed alpha twin. Plus since she *was* the one to start all the chair stuff, the fact that she hasn’t tried anything since is worrying him a little. If she’s changed her mind and decided that it was too far too fast... he definitely won’t be the one to try and push her boundaries.

Maybe he’s overanalyzing all of this stuff—he’s certainly spent enough time lying awake thinking about it—but he just doesn’t want to mess this up, is all.

There *have* been a few times where Dipper sort of gets the feeling Mabel is waiting for him to do something, but then he'll hesitate for a second, and the moment will be gone as quick as it came. Come to think of it, something like that happened just now actually. They were lying on their sides, saying 'goodnight,' and he was just kinda offhandedly running his fingers over her hip and stomach (she has a bit of pudge there that he knows she hates but he thinks is adorable); then she sort of... *arched* her chest towards him, nearly unnoticeably so. And, yeah. He hesitated... she moved not long after, the opportunity lost.

He was pretty frustrated with himself, to say the least.

Dipper tucks his arms underneath him, heaving a sigh.

His last coherent thought before he drifts off to unconsciousness, breathing in the fading scent of Mabel's shampoo on his pillow, is a thought he's had multiple times over the course of his life.

Jeez. Sister or not, girl signals should come with a manual...

The bass on the Pines siblings' old hand-me-down minivan is static-y and terrible, but that never stops Mabel from always turning it up as high as it'll go. Right now it's pumping out the beat of "Toxic"—it's flashback hour on the local top 40 station, something that conveniently comes on every Wednesday on their way home from school—and Dipper and Mabel are in the midst of a killer duet. The doors on Ol' Bertha (a name the fairer twin dubbed the blue Windstar when it became theirs on their sixteenth birthday) are rattling so hard, he's surprised the speakers haven't blown out yet from his sister constantly jacking up the volume.

Dipper drums this knuckles on the steering wheel, belting out lyrics that were memorized long ago, bobbing his neck and shoulders in time to Mabel's. The two actually made up the dance to this particular Britney song years prior, on one of the long bus rides up to Gravity Falls; in his defense, they had to find *some* way to pass the time.

Never mind that he thinks this song is catchy.

It doesn't matter anyway, because on the first day they drove around in Bertha, just the two of them with Dipper at the wheel (he was the first to acquire a license, as Mabel didn't pass the test to get her learner's until her third try), they agreed that this van would forever be a judge free zone. Meaning no rendition of Disco Girl, no amount of mysterious glitter scattered over the seats, and no dorky bumper sticker about the existence of life on other planets can be scrutinized by either twin. And all that that entails.

(Although Dipper *is* getting pretty tired of having to furiously brush glitter off the seat of his jeans every morning before homeroom, lest he become the victim of some abysmally predictable gay jokes, courtesy of the dumb guys on the football team who always sit at the back.)

The Britney song is at its end when Mabel's phone rings, the tune of a really out of date Sev'ral Timez song barely audible over the ending notes blaring from the radio. Keeping his eyes on the road, Dipper spins the volume dial down just as she flips it open.

"You've got Mabel," she greets cheerfully. In the next seat over her brother is smirking as he focuses on staying the perfect distance between the double yellow line and the side of the road. Her signature greeting hasn't gotten any less goofy since she started using it a few years ago.

"Eyyy Mom! What's the word?"

Dipper leans back, taking in the blue sky outside and the sun hitting the pavement, only vaguely interested in the reason why their mother is calling.

"Uh huh. Oh, okay, yeah. Nah, don't be silly, it's cool."

He catches himself staring at the way she's casually twisting a curl around her finger as she stares out the opposite window, and quickly jerks his eyes back to the road.

Gotta watch that.

"Ummm I'm pretty sure we've still got some in the freezer. Mmmhm. Wait tell him what now?" Her gaze falls back onto him, and she giggles and snorts, pushing the bill of his baseball cap down his forehead a bit.

"*Mabel!* Quit distracting the driver!"

She covers the phone with her palm, retorting with nothing but a, "Shh, I'm on the phone dork," before holding it back up to her ear. "Yeah, I'll tell him, Ma. Okay. Ayup. Tomorrow. Love you too!"

Mabel flips her phone shut, grinning over at him while reaching to turn the volume back up. Meanwhile Dipper is busy singling out one specific word he overheard at the end of the call.

"Tomorrow? What about tomorrow?"

She ignores him, leaning back in the seat and propping her feet on the dashboard, inadvertently causing her skirt to ride up. The van drifts a bit before Dipper rips his eyes away from her bare thighs and rights it again. "Keep your eyes on the road good sir. And Mom says to pick up your laundry. Or else."

"Yeah yeah whatever, what's all this about tomorrow?"

Mabel finally seems to crack, jittering with stifled giggles and turning towards him with an almost maniacal smile on her face, revealing a mouthful of white, brace free teeth. "Wellllll. . ."

"Wellllll?" he prompts, squeezing the wheel.

“Mom took over someone’s nightshift at the hospital. She’s not gonna be back ‘til around 6 tomorrow.”

His heart rate speeds up a bit as he immediately picks up on where this is going.

Mabel continues, barely able to contain her excitement. “Annnd Dad’s still away on his business trip to San Fran. Which meeeean. . .” She bites her bottom lip, wiggling her eyebrows at him and grinning. Dipper feels his face heat up at the familiar look in her eyes, a bashful smile coming to his own lips as he finishes her thought.

“We’ve got the house to ourselves tonight.”

Dipper’s hands are jittery as he jams his house key inside the lock and turns it, but the kid can’t help it—this is the first time both of their parents will be out of the house for the entire night since this whole thing with Mabel started, and he can’t help but feel like this is his perfect chance to make some sort of move. The promise of an empty house and no interruptions is so rare; he’d have to be an idiot not to see this as an opportunity.

He finally manages to get past the lock and into their house, shouldering his backpack onto the floor and dragging his palms hastily over his jeans.

Unfortunately the prospect of this opportunity makes him as sweaty as it makes him excited.

“*Move bro*, get out the way, get out the way. . .” Mabel has started to sing behind him and Dipper realizes he is still standing in the doorway; he steps forward to let her stroll past him, watching as she dumps her books on the couch and heads to the kitchen.

“I’m gonna have me a popsicle, want anything?”

God. He grumbles silently, lifting his hat to run a shaky hand through his hair. Had to be a popsicle didn’t it. *Wow* he is way too easily affected right now.

Get a grip.

“Nah, I’m good,” he calls to answer back, cursing everything when his voice cracks on the last syllable.

Dammit. He’s acting like a spaz and it’s stupid, because at this point he’s been alone with Mabel with mutual, less than innocent intentions loads of times and *why* should he be any more nervous than usual? Just because he’s actually resolved to make something happen?

He had to go and make high expectations for himself, didn’t he. Whenever he does this he just ends up psyching himself out and looking like an idiot in the end. Real freakin’ nice.

His palms are pouring sweat and he is standing in the exact same spot Mabel left him when she skips back in, taking another bite out of a strawberry frozen fruit bar. She pauses a few feet in front of him and raises an eyebrow; Dipper puts his hands on his hips and raises his eyebrows right back at her, challenging her to say anything about his weird behavior.

She gestures her popsicle at his face, waving it around. “Why’re your ears all red?”

Crap.

“Tchh, they’re not.”

When a knowing smile spreads across her face he only feels his ears burn hotter, betraying him. Mabel takes a step closer.

“I bet I know what you’re thinking aboutttt...” she singsongs, ending her taunt with that goofy chuckle of hers.

“And that is...?”

She closes the distance between them, pressing a lingering, strawberry-flavored kiss to the corner of his mouth—it’s kind of a signature, ‘time for some alone time’ move between them now, as it’s reminiscent of the first less-than-platonic kiss that Dipper ever gave to Mabel.

When she moves away, his tongue seems to take on a mind of its own, poking out of his mouth to lick along the spot where she kissed him. It tastes really sweet and *wow* is he in the mood to lean forward and taste it again.

“Was I right?” Mabel asks, standing in front of him and giggling softly because *duh*, of course she’s right. She’s always right. Curse her.

He just laughs quietly in response and cocks his head, blushing and scratching the back of his neck. Hey, when you’re caught you’re caught.

She bites off the last piece of her fruit bar and grins. “That’ll be a yes.” Dipper is filled with all sorts of feelings, both sappy and heated, as she grabs his hand and leads him towards the stairs, holding up her popsicle stick like a baton. “So your room or mine?”

They decide on his room in the end; it’s their usual spot for forbidden activities and why change things up now? When the two siblings cross over the threshold into Dipper’s domain of monster posters, mystery novels and dirty laundry (like hell he’s gonna pick that up), Mabel drops his hand to go flick the little wooden stick into the trash while he shuts and locks the door behind them. At this point, it’s just force of habit.

He turns around and almost jumps to find her standing right in front of him, looking pink in the cheeks and *very* expectant. “Not gonna lie dude,” she admits softly, “I’ve kiiinda maybe been looking forward to this all day.”

Every time she says things like this, he is reminded that Mabel *wants him back* which causes his breath to catch and his stomach to churn wildly. Shoving his hands in his pockets, Dipper looks at her through his curly bangs and musters up the most confident tone he's capable of at this point.

"Not gonna lie either. I've kiiinda maybe been doing the same thing."

The moment is more than there so when he still doesn't move right away Mabel raises her palms in exasperation. "Are you waiting for an invitation? Come at me bro!"

Dipper doesn't need any more invitation than that, hurrying forward to grasp her waist and lower his lips onto hers. One of her hands cuff the hat off his head before her arms automatically come around his neck and she leans into him, making that contented sighing noise that probably shouldn't be so freakin' arousing but somehow always his. He proceeds to thoroughly (and maybe a little greedily) lick the strawberry remnants off her lips, what he's been dying to do ever since she teasingly kissed him downstairs; this earns a giggle out of Mabel who opens her mouth to mumble against him, "Geez Dip, you in this for me or the fruit bar?"

Dipper doesn't answer her, only taking advantage of her open mouth by sneaking in his tongue, pushing past her teeth to slowly run it along hers. She responds without hesitation, pushing back against him to turn their kiss into something a little more forceful, taking some of his hair into her fists.

It's always like this; Dipper starts things slowly and Mabel kicks it up a notch. And he doesn't mind—he'd never tell her this, but whenever she takes the reigns when they're doing stuff like this it, ah, *kinda* turns him on.

Except, okay, fine, not kinda.

Things are getting pretty saliva-y at this point and Dipper is afraid he might accidentally drool on her but Mabel has him trapped against the door, squishing her small chest against his, so there's no way in hell he's going to pull away now and really, what could a little drool hurt anyway? His hands start stroking her waist of their own accord just as she tilts her head and starts to suck on his bottom lip, simultaneously dragging her purple nails down the front of his loose-fitting plaid shirt before skirting them dangerously low along the top of his jeans.

If he wasn't completely at attention before, well, he is now. It's almost embarrassing, how easily Mabel can set him on fire.

It occurs to him that this whole thing has felt a little more heated than their usual make outs—for him at least, it's getting to the point of like, almost *chair incident* heated—and that maybe now is the time to kick his game up a notch.

Allowing himself a moment of mental preparation, Dipper starts to gently edge them towards his unmade bed, thankful it's not covered in dirty laundry like he sometimes leaves it in the mornings in the rush to school.

Mabel realizes what he's doing and nips his bottom lip in approval; the teenaged boy with his hands all over her subsequently feels his confidence skyrocket, which fuels him enough to push them along a little faster and with a little more vigor.

However he's not prepared at all when Mabel suddenly jumps onto him, clinging to his neck and wrapping her legs around his waist—so down to the floor they go.

"Mabel, what the hell!" Thankfully their landing is pretty soft because he never puts any of his laundry away, but still.

"Sorry," she laughs, her cheeks bright red. He rolls off to her side and gives her a look. "What? I got caught up in the moment, sue me! Forgot about the whole 'noodle arms' thing."

His eyes narrow. "Hey woah woah, my arms aren't noodles anymore... I was just—I wasn't expecting you to jump me!" he huffs crossly, folding his arms. "Give me a little credit."

She reaches forward to squeeze his bicep, which is admittedly less noodle-y than it was a few years ago, even if it is a *long* way off from 'ripped' status. She bobs her head in agreement. "Okay, yeah, gotta give credit where credit is due."

A beat passes where they're both just sitting on the floor of his room, still breathing hard. Dipper has only been wondering how he can get them back into the mood for a few seconds when Mabel speaks up.

"So like, can we make out on your bed already or what?"

He grins over at her, thankful that his eccentric sister is the way she is, because if all this romance stuff was left up to him they'd be in deep trouble.

"Yes. Yes we can."

Then they're racing each other to the bed, laughing like little kids; Mabel bounces on first and Dipper climbs over her a second later. He feels her tugging on his collar to get him to lower his head, and he happily obliges, once again sealing his mouth firmly over hers.

Alright, things are back on track.

He's got her exactly where he needs her to be, or maybe it's the other way around—either way, she's rubbing her knee along the inside of his thigh, teasing his tongue with hers again and playing with his hair, effectively bringing back that electric feeling in his gut with full force. Now the only thing left for him to do is... something. Anything'll do, really.

Dipper feels his nerves coming back, and he knows that if he's going to do anything, he needs to do it now, because if they come back all the way he's just going to psyche himself out like he always does.

Just do something!

He decides the most logical course of action is to start up top. Heart pounding in his chest, he moves his lips to her neck (yes he's a wimp and doesn't want to be looking her in the eye when he has his first go at copping a feel of his sister's chest), then starts edging his hand towards the hem of her sweater, attempting to be surreptitious about it at first. As soon as his fingers slip under and meet skin, Mabel notices right away, tensing up a bit before rubbing her knee a little faster along his leg, which Dipper takes as an invitation to continue.

As his fingers continue to creep upwards, gliding slowly along her skin, Dipper is reveling in the feel. His heart is beating furiously now and Mabel is biting his earlobe, something he wasn't aware was such a turn-on for him until about a second ago.

He's almost reached his destination, and he's so, *so* close that the word *finally* has just rang joyfully throughout his brain when Mabel brings her lips right over his ear and utters:

"H-hey Dip, quick question."

Dipper's hand comes to an abrupt halt under her shirt, the hazy cloud of desire hanging over his head broken up a bit by the weirdly matter-of-fact tone of her voice.

Qui—huh?

"Do wha?" he finally manages not-so-tactfully, pulling away from her neck to look her in the eye, his own voice sounding hoarse, and confused over where the hell the moment just went—dangit, it was here just a second ago, *wasn't it?*

Mabel ignores his confusion and chugs along anyway. "I was just curious... I mean I was just wondering..." She trails off for a second, breaking her eyes away from his, then continues. "I was wondering how far you've been? Like with a girl?"

Dipper's mouth falls open. Out of all the possibilities of what she could have said, *that* was most certainly not what he was expecting.

"Really?" he asks in disbelief, his nose scrunching up. "You're asking me this... now?"

She just shrugs innocently from underneath him. "I dunno, yeah. I just realized I've never asked you before and now I'm all curious-y inside." She blinks at him again and his heart sinks in disappointment when it dawns on him that yea, she's actually chosen right *now*, when he was a second away from slipping his hand under her bra, to ask this particular, and potentially very embarrassing, question.

Her timing worries him. But, a lot of things do, so he attempts to stay calm.

Dipper scoots to her side, taking care to keep his hand where it is (albeit lowering it into slightly safer territory), deciding to treat it like a bookmark. He refuses to leave his place. "Uhhh... why the sudden interest?"

Mabel leans forward and rolls her eyes. "Oh c'mon Dipper, just tell me. I'm only curious, I won't judge."

The boy beside her starts to sweat a little, feeling his cheeks heat up even more than they already are, realizing that she has him in a corner and he's going to have to offer her some sort of answer if he ever wants to get things back on track again.

He could lie of course, and tell her that oh yeah, he's done tons of stuff, but he's not sure what exactly that would accomplish. Not to mention he's not even sure if she would believe him.

Or he could tell her the truth, an answer he thinks should be obvious to her by now, which is: not far.

At all.

Dipper thinks back to the girls he'd been involved with over the years. There was that one time Wendy kissed him on the lips... but it was a pretty chaste affair that in hindsight he suspects was out of pity for a kid with a crush. And he's only had one real girlfriend, a girl named Nicole from his algebra II class that he'd asked to homecoming freshman year; they dated for a month or so but she dumped him before he got anywhere past first.

And... that was about it. He spent the vast majority of his sophomore and now junior year fighting against—and eventually accepting—feelings for someone he was never ever supposed to fall for. Said someone kissed him back one day and well, here they are.

Dipper groans inwardly, hating Mabel's weirdo timing. Why does she want him to verify his sad little romantic history for her, anyway?

All he wants is to get that moment back, the one that keeps *eluding* him somehow, much to his extreme frustration. If this is what he has to do to get it, whatever. The sooner he gets this over with, the better.

Sighing, he decides to go with the truth.

As nervous as he is right now, he miraculously manages to put on a joking tone. "Ah, y'know, nothing past making out and some furious dryhumping with my sister."

He assesses her facial expression and decides that sticking with the truth was the right course of action, because she looks pretty satisfied with his answer. He runs his thumb over the soft skin of her stomach and she giggles in response, gently scratching her nails through the light stubble along his jaw line.

Dipper can't deny that he's a little anxious when she doesn't immediately offer her own experience roster in response, even though he's sure he knows what her answer will be. Even so, there is an actual effort made to stay casual when he asks, "...What about you?"

She lightly pinches the skin on his cheek, grinning. "Pretty much same here. I mean there *was* that one time Brian saw my boobs and copped some awko feels, buuut that was pretty friggin anticlimactic." She snorts and chuckles in that dorky Mabel way, oblivious to the fact that the hand under her sweater has frozen in place.

"Wait, what?"

Somehow the sudden shift in his mood is still lost on Mabel, because she only shrugs nonchalantly. “Oh come on, you can’t tell me you don’t remember Brian. Y’know, Brian Grey, that weird guy with the big nose I went out with for like a month last—”

He cuts her off, not even noticing himself slip his hand back out into innocent territory, his metaphorical bookmark officially lost. “*Yea* Mabel I know who the guy is. But just—like—*what?*”

Her eyebrows lift high on her forehead, and she raises her head to look him in the eye, an amused smile playing on her lips. “Uhh, what d’you mean what?”

At this he falls silent, his mouth opening and closing a few times, because honestly, Dipper isn’t sure *what* he means by ‘what.’ All he knows is it’s the only thing he can think right now. Someone else rounded second with Mabel before he did. Mabel has been to second base. Without him.

What?

It’s in the past and shouldn’t be an issue, but Dipper suddenly finds himself weirdly angry. One because she never told him this, which was a stupid reason in itself since that’s something one typically refrains from running off to share with their brother (and he wouldn’t even have wanted to know anyway!).

Two because... because...

They’re supposed to be on the same level here. The same page. That’s the way it’s always been with these sorts of things, or so Dipper thought. Either way, Mabel wasn’t supposed to be ahead. She just wasn’t, okay?

And three, Dipper thinks as his eyebrows furrow together, because the thought of anybody besides him touching Mabel like that makes him want to punch a wall. Not that that would end in anything but an unaffected wall, a broken hand, and throw up all over his shirt, but *that wasn’t the point*.

The whole thing is irrational as hell but that doesn’t stop Dipper from abruptly climbing off of a bewildered Mabel and sitting back on his heels, glaring at her in disbelief.

“When did this happen?”

Mabel finally lets on to the severe degree of his discomfort and lifts herself to sit up in front of him, letting out an aggravated sigh. “Awww man, you’re not getting all jealous and over protective-y over *this*, are you? It happened like a year ago!”

Dipper processes this information at top speed in his head. Had he realized his less-than-innocent feelings for her yet a year ago? He blinks and his eye twitches. Yes. Yes he had. So a year ago Mabel was off somewhere half naked and getting felt up by some dude (never mind that they had technically been dating), while he sat at home pining after his twin sister like a pathetic loser. Oh, that’s just *perfect*.

No, this is not okay. It's so *not* okay that the overly self-conscious teenager feels words that he knows he'll regret later bubble up in his throat. But he's still feeling angry and abnormally irrational, because Mabel does that to him these days, and just because they make out in closets now doesn't mean he's obligated to refrain from pushing her buttons like he always has.

Before he can get a grip on himself, he mutters, "Wow, just. Didn't know you were like that."

An uncharacteristic expression of pure lividness twists Mabel's face almost unrecognizably, instantly shocking the scowl of off Dipper's. "*Excuse me?!?*"

Uh oh. Uh oh. His face grows hot and he tries to swallow but his mouth is suddenly dry, the magnitude of damage caused by what he just said finally clicking with him.

Abort! Abort mission!

Dipper backtracks furiously, stammering and fumbling for words. "I-I uh just meant that, I dunno, I can't really picture you doing that with anyone."

Apparently that's not the right thing to say either, because she's bringing a pillow down on top of his head. "*You gotta be kidding me*—you were just about to do the same thing to me you jerk!"

He grimaces and watches helplessly as Mabel jumps up from the bed to glare down at him. Whatever bedroom activities that were about to happen a few minutes ago sure as hell aren't happening anymore.

"I can't believe you."

He looks sheepishly up into her eyes realizing at once that—oh no—are those tears?

Dipper's heart drops into his stomach. Every smidgeon of anger he felt before evaporates from his body because... even though she's trying hard to hide it, there's no doubt that Mabel is tearing up hard. Oh. He made her cry.

Definitely not okay.

Before he can beg for forgiveness, before he can plead with her that of course he didn't mean any of it and that yeah, he's a jealous, cynical, pathetic excuse for a person, Mabel is spitting more furious words in his face.

"Whatever you were implying about me before you can just—just *stop!* It only ever happened once and it wasn't even that great anyway! Actually it was just awkward!"

Alright, too much info. Dipper squints, biting the inside of his cheek and lowering his eyes.

Mabel seems to have run out of things to say, so now she's just standing there, breathing hard, and they're both stewing in air that has become horribly tense and awkward, worlds away from the intimate atmosphere that surrounded them only minutes ago. He realizes too late that she was waiting for him to say something, because when he looks up again she's stalking towards his bedroom door, unlocking it and ripping it open. At this point Dipper feels too ashamed to try and stop her.

Before Mabel is completely out the door, she pauses, looking like another thought has just occurred to her. Then she whirls around on the spot, wearing an expression that makes Dipper feel lower than low.

"God, you—you can't just have a hand up my shirt one minute and then go all protective brother on me the next! Choose one or the other!"

The door slams behind her and there's nothing he can really do but hang his head. *Both*, he thinks. Why can't he do both? It's not like he ever stopped being her brother, right?

But the more he tries to reason out his logic for this whole complicated mess, the more uncertain he becomes.

Flopping back onto his bed, he stares apathetically at the *Bigfoot: Real, or Legend?* poster taped to his ceiling. When his eyes fall upon Mabel's swirly handwriting—before he taped up the poster she'd scribbled on the words, "*real—duh!*" and then attempted a doodle of the sasquatch they'd caught sight of in Gravity Falls—the guilt that has been slowly creeping over his body overtakes him completely. He shuts his eyes tight with a heavy sigh.

"Real nice, Pines."

Dipper checks the watch on his wrist for what feels like the hundredth time that night, and the digital numbers dutifully glow back at him—9:30 PM. It's 9:30 PM, signifying that almost 6 and a half hours have passed since Mabel has last left her room. Well, not exactly. He did hear her come out to use the bathroom around 7 when he was down in the kitchen halfheartedly stirring around some Easymac. But still. She has to be getting pretty hungry by now.

He lets his arm fall to the couch with an unceremonious flop, leaning his head back on the armrest.

For the last half hour he has taken to lying in the living room with all the lights off; he had the tv on earlier, but, finding himself unable to concentrate had flicked it back off, chucking the remote towards the seat of the armchair. Now he is sitting alone in the dark as some sort of half-assed self punishment, because at this point, he isn't really sure what else to do.

He's tried what feels like every option to get Mabel to open up the door and talk to him. There was the option of knocking, the obvious choice. He probably knocked for a collective half hour, softly rapping his knuckles against the wood, laying his head against the door and murmuring quiet apologies through it. There was never any response, though; the only noise coming from her room was the low notes of music radiating from her laptop, constantly repeating through what he knows is one of her sadder, softer playlists. He tried sitting on the floor of the hallway, attempting to catch her when she came out—that was a bust, since she never did. He brought her food, setting it on the carpet in front of her door when she didn't open up right away, thinking her stomach might convince her to show her face; she ignored it. Then he tried texting her, hanging on to a meager hope that if she wouldn't talk to him verbally, maybe she'd be up for typing out a message.

Big surprise, he stared his phone down for an hour after he sent her a string of (probably pretty desperate) texts, but she never texted back.

Frowning into the darkness, incessantly tapping the end of a ballpoint pen on his teeth, Dipper concedes that this whole situation is *seriously* wearing on his anxiety.

Mainly because he knows it's all his fault. He has recounted their entire fight over and over, cringing inwardly at the things he said to Mabel, who was only telling him the harmless truth, just like he did for her. . . funny how idiotic things can sound when you look back on them later with a clearer head.

Matters concerning Mabel just have the potential to make him extra crazy, he supposes.

Dipper knows he can be unreasonable sometimes, despite his claims of being a consistently rational, down-to-earth guy. But his little tantrum wasn't just unreasonable, it was straight up unfair. And he knows this now, he just wishes he could get a hold of that old tape measure, go back in time, and make sure he knew it back then, too. Preferably *before* he makes his sister cry.

God, he made her *cry*. 'Completely blowing it' seems like it's putting things too mildly.

He stops his ceaseless tapping, stuffing the pen behind his ear and hunching over to scrub his face with his hand.

There's one other thing, besides the matter of him acting like a grade A asshole.

It's the last thing Mabel said to him. . . about him choosing between his brotherly tendencies and his less, uh, natural feelings towards his sister. After pondering upon her comment—one that she probably only even said out of anger and exasperation—for a long time, Dipper came to a startling conclusion.

He really had no idea what Mabel was to him anymore. Seriously, what were they, really? What was all of this? They spent so much time caught up in the rush of sneaking around, and the newness of this 'relationship,' that he guessed neither of them had actually sat down and tried to figure it out.

Did the fact that he harbored certain urges and feelings towards his sister make her less of a sister to him? Did they... override the strong familial bond that he has shared with Mabel since the day they were born?

The idea that either of those thoughts could be true made the confused teenager deeply uncomfortable. It unnerved him. That was never what he wanted when he told his twin sister that 'they could be as close as they wanted to be,' a few weeks prior.

If Mabel is right when she says he has to choose between thinking of her as his sister and thinking of her as his girlfriend, then...

He slumps to rest his forehead in his hands, the pen behind his ear clattering to the floor. Dipper really, *really* doesn't want to finish this particular gut-wrenching thought.

Then... maybe letting her on to his feelings was a mistake.

He lets out a sad little whine, not sure if he really believes that, either.

God, there should *really* be a book of set standards for these sorts of things.

The soft glow of his watch blinks 10:15 as Dipper finds himself standing in front of Mabel's room once more. The food he left outside her door earlier is gone; she must have finally given in to the hunger.

His fist hovers over her door, hesitant, but for some reason he's sure that this time when he knocks, she'll respond. If there's any actual merit to this theory, he doesn't know, but he peeled himself off that couch for a reason. There's something he needs to tell her, something that can't be put off, and maybe it's a twin thing, but his gut is telling him that Mabel will sense the fact that she needs to listen.

Dipper's arm shakes a bit and he steadies it; the words '*here goes nothing*,' flit through his mind for a moment before he takes a deep breath and brings his fist down on the door, rapping on it a few times before letting his arm fall to his side.

A few seconds tick by with no response and he bites the inside of his cheek. Maybe he was wrong?

"It's open."

He blinks a few times, taking a moment to make the connection that he actually has the green light to enter. His heart picks up speed a bit as he turns the knob and lets himself in.

Mabel is laid back in her overabundance of fluffy pillows and stuffed animals, wearing her pajamas that consist of the dolphin headband, and one of their dad's old big t-shirts, a periwinkle blue number with the faded logo of some business conference on the front. She doesn't look up when he enters the room, choosing instead to remain engrossed in the computer sitting on her lap, a bored look on her features.

Yup, she's definitely still mad at him.

Dipper keeps his distance, standing timidly in her doorway. His hands find their way into the pockets of his jeans and he's debating whether or not he should wait for her to speak first when again, she makes his decision for him.

"Well?" she says in a clipped tone, still refusing to look up from the screen of her laptop. "Whad'jya choose?"

He blinks. "What did I... huh?"

She rolls her eyes, finally shutting the computer and laying it off to the side, swinging her legs to hang off the side of the bed and face him. "The question's pretty straightforward, Dipper. You wanna act like my brother, or my boyfriend?"

Dipper's heart stops beating for a second, his eyes widening in surprise. Okay, maybe her comment from earlier *hadn't* just been out of pure exasperation.

He braces himself, swallowing. This *is* what he came in to talk to her about, anyway.

"So... you really want me to choose, huh?"

Mabel only raises her eyebrows and widens her eyes until she hits bug-eyed levels, pursing her lips into a thin not-really-smile. The words "uh, yeah," are written all over her face.

Dipper pauses to think hard about what he really wants to say to her one last time, then opens his mouth.

"Well... I guess... I mean, you were my twin first... and y'know, I—I love having you as a twin. Like you've always been there to hang out with me and do stupid stuff and give me advice about things... you're always down the hall if I need someone to talk to... you're supportive and funny and random as hell, like, no two days are the same with you, and I love that. Honestly Mabels, you're like the best person I know."

He takes a second to organize this thoughts and sees that Mabel's expression has softened up quite a bit. He uses this as incentive to continue, "And you don't *care* that I like BABBA and you put up with my annoying obsessive self and you're not afraid to irritate the crap out of me or let me when I'm acting like an idiot or when I need to lighten up, and just... like... I'm so lucky to have you as a sister, Mabel. We've been through so much shit together. You know me better than anyone. We seriously have the twin bond thing goin' on, we always have."

Dipper can't decipher *what* she's thinking when she slowly says, "So... sister, then?"

It's probably the answer she was expecting anyway, as she starts to sort of nod to herself in affirmation, but he frantically cuts her off before she can actually respond to his 'decision.'

"W-well, yes... *and* no..." He scratches the side of his face awkwardly, staring at some random point on the carpet in front of him. "Because—like—I, I also want..."

He trails off, prompting a drawn out, "Waaant..." from Mabel. After a second Dipper lifts his head and looks her in the eye.

"I wanna... y'know, kiss you. And stuff." And then much to his dismay and in a complete deviation from the master plan he concocted downstairs in the dark, words start to pour from his mouth in a heavily improvised spiel. "Just, you're beautiful and amazing and not to mention really hot and I know it's wrong for me to think of you that way but like, I can't *help it*, god, I spent like a year beating myself up about it and trying to stop but I couldn't then and I sure as hell can't now. Like the vast majority of the time I can't stop thinking about you, plus there's the fact you—uh, like—" Dipper's face burns crimson and he is forced to avert his eyes. "—Y-you um, you really get me goin', okay? Like, in *that* way. I don't know when or how it happened, but you do, Mabel. A-and whenever you kiss me, my stomach does this flip-flop thing and it's like, holy crap, I can't breathe or something..."

When he looks back up, still red in the face, he finds Mabel staring at him, her mouth hanging open, and decides that now might be a good time to wrap things up.

"So I'm sorry, but I can't choose. I'm just—I'm in too deep. And I don't think you could choose at this point either." Dipper wants more than anything to take another step towards her, but she's still just staring at him, frozen. So he sticks to where he is, clenching his fists inside his pockets. "I don't know exactly what we're doing, here, but I was thinking about it downstairs and I sort of realized something."

Mabel's voice is almost trembling when she urges him to continue with a docile, "What?"

He stares into her wide brown eyes and she stares right back into his identical ones.

"Do we really need to put a label on all this if we're happy? 'Cos I've been really happy these last few weeks, and you know how I get and why that's a pretty big deal for me. And... to me at least... it really seems like you've been happy, too."

She just keeps gawking at him and Dipper doesn't know what else to do other than run a hand through his hair and awkwardly continue. "Um... I don't really know what else I can say? Besides the fact that I'm sorry I was such an idiot and that I get jealous and say stupid things to you sometimes. It's just, I know you so well and when we're fighting I know exactly which buttons to push and sometimes I'm a just a dumbass who can't help himself."

Okay, she's still not responding and he's *really* starting to flounder, now.

"Alright. Um." He flourishes his hands and chuckles feebly. "*In conclusion*. Mabel?"

His twin, who had let her gaze float down to her feet, turns her eyes on him again, and Dipper can almost *swear* that they're glistening. He breathes out, shrugging.

"I love you. A lot. I just don't know... exactly how sometimes. You're my sister but I also wanna kiss you, and I love you, but I'm also pretty much *in* love with you, anddd... yeah. That's about it. Think I've spilled enough guts for now."

The word vomit has finally run out and now he's just uneasily swaying on the balls of his feet, nervously waiting for Mabel to say or do *anything* in response to his wordy and probably kind of pitiful monologue.

He doesn't have to wait much longer.

Mabel stands up from the bed, biting her lip, eyes shining. She only hesitates a second and then starts running towards him at top speed, her dolphin headband slipping out of her hair and bouncing on the carpet; this time, Dipper is prepared, and when she jumps on him to lock her arms and legs around him like a vice, he holds her back with equal intensity, only swaying on his feet once before backing against the door to gain some balance.

Wetness is leaking onto his neck and he is aware Mabel is crying again but he figures these tears are the good kind, so all he does is don a wobbly smile and bury his face in her hair, which has become a little frizzed out in the stir.

She opens her mouth against his neck to speak, her voice vibrating against his skin and causing him to shiver. "You're such a... *doofus*," she breathes out, not sounding like she means it one bit.

Dipper laughs, his arms starting to shake from a combination of rampant emotions and Mabel's weight. "That all you have to say?"

"And I love you too 'n stuff. A lot. In all the ways you just said." She pauses a second before adding, "More than anything."

His chest is immediately filled with a warmth that only she seems able to give him. "Good to know."

And it is. It really, really is.

Mabel pulls back to look at him, snorting in snot in a super unattractive manner and wiping her eyes with her hand. Dipper licks his lips, staring back at her through half-lidded eyes.

Like a magnet they're pulled in towards each other, lips meeting in the middle. Dipper feels all his anxiety from before drain away, hugging her closer to his body as she presses into him. After a few seconds they part with a tiny '*smack*,' their eyes both foggy and filled with this strange, new mutual understanding.

About a lot of things.

This is the moment, Dipper thinks, just blinking at her, faintly surprised. *Huh. And no plans required.*

Mabel seems to read his mind, hopping off of him and tugging his hand towards her bed.

His heart is pounding furiously against his ribcage because the look in her eyes isn't the usual mischievous one she has when they're about to fool around; it's earnest, and timid, and adoring, and this gives him every indication that yeah, something is definitely about to happen.

They reach their destination and he moves to crawl amongst the frilly pillows, with every intention of knocking a good amount of her stuffed animals out of the way (he can't *do* things when they're staring at him like that), when Mabel grabs his wrist, stopping him.

"Hold up a sec."

Dipper gives her a questioning look but everything is clear to him when her fingers start working open the buttons on his shirt, undoing them slowly, one by one.

Oh.

He swallows hard and just stands there awkwardly until Mabel has made her way through all the buttons and is sliding his shirt off his shoulders and onto the floor. Her fingers go straight for the hem of his gray v-neck next; he takes the hint, raising his arms shakily, allowing her to lift it off of his head and toss it next to the shirt already on the carpet, effectively leaving his top half bare.

He looks down at her face—not by much, as he only ever grew two and a half inches taller—and feels a bit of relief when he sees that she is clearly as nervous as he is. Neither of them have any idea where this is going and his chest still feels heavy with emotion from all the gut-spilling he did moments earlier, and the mood inside her room has rapidly become so heavy and intense that it scares him a little.

Mabel runs a finger down the middle of his chest, pressing down on the tiny bit of hair he has acquired there, before leaning in and kissing his neck. Dipper holds in an anticipatory groan, and his cheeks are dark when she pulls away to speak again.

"Kay. Now you can lay down."

He obeys without objection, kicking off his black trainers on his way to lying flat on his back against her downy mattress. Nothing's even really happened yet and he's already breathing hard, so he wills himself to get a grip for the second time in one day.

Mabel is the one to get rid of the staring stuffed animals, knocking them off the bed with her arms in sweeping motions; she then proceeds to climb over him and straddle his hips, instantly causing her brother to become completely aware of where *exactly* she has decided to rest her weight.

His breath catches in his throat as he watches her lean down towards him, eyes closed, to start kissing a slow line along his scratchy jaw. He could swear he's had a dream like this before, where all the movements are slow and meaningful and yet full of eagerness, except this is very, very real because in his dreams when Mabel licks his lips it doesn't feel quite as authentic and *wet*. She pushes her tongue into his mouth and he happily accepts the offering with a soft, dreamy moan, his arms reaching to encircle tight around her back.

Seemingly as achy to throw in some friction to this whole equation as he is, Mabel starts to wiggle her hips a little bit while still sweeping the inside of his mouth with her tongue, earning a choked noise from the boy trapped underneath her. Soon she picks up a bit of a rhythm and this set up feels more than a little familiar to Dipper, in the best of ways, he thinks, as he wills his own hips to move faintly along with her. He's already so hard, and the feeling of what he knows is the very center of Mabel rubbing him over feels as good as he remembers, if not better. His hands itch to escape the usual safe zones and go wherever they damn well please and his neck is getting all hot and sweaty from where Mabel is nipping at it, not being quite as gentle as she was last time.

Either she can read his mind (which he has seriously suspected before on multiple occasions), or she can feel his hands practically buzzing, because Mabel leaves his neck to bring her mouth to the shell of his ear, throatily murmuring words that send a shudder down the length of his spine and a twitch to his groin: "Y'know, you can touch me if ya want, Dip."

It's a rhetorical statement, but he finds himself nodding at her stupidly anyway, his eyelids heavy with want.

God, yeah, he wants this, so, so, badly, and he is tired of getting in his own way. Mabel, quite pink in the cheeks at this point, emits a soft giggle at the silly expression on his face, leaning down to kiss him again. He responds with renewed enthusiasm and is kind of disappointed when she pulls away sooner than he would have preferred; his disappointment is replaced by confusion when he opens her eyes to see her sitting up, her arms pulled into the sleeves over her big nightshirt, her hands fumbling around inside. When her arms come back through the sleeves she's holding a modestly sized bra (*how do girls do that?*) with watermelons printed on the cups, and the fabric of the shirt that's lying over her chest has become more noticeably... *defined*. Dipper feels himself stiffen up a little more as he watches Mabel fling her bra across the room, and because he's still wearing his jeans he's having to deal with the uncomfortable sensation of feeling crushed against the denim.

Mabel smiles down at him, shrugging. "I figured I would do the hard part for you, since you seem to be having a hard time with the whole," she raises her fingers in mock air quotes, "*'touchin' mah boobs' thing*."

Dipper doesn't know whether to feel grateful, put out, or to just burst into laughter, because blunt Mabel is blunt. Pushing his nerves to the back of his mind, he switches their positions, rolling her onto the mattress and climbing over top of her.

Their eyes meet for a second and Mabel looks equally excited before he kisses her hard and takes the plunge, reaching a searching hand up her shirt.

Andddd... there it is, Dipper thinks light-headedly, trying to hold in a dorky victory smile as he moves his mouth to her neck with every intention of returning the hickies that his sister gave him. He and Mabel are now officially once again on equal playing fields—*not that it matters*, he adds hastily in his head, before shoving all thoughts out of his brain completely, wanting to concentrate on the feel of the soft skin that's now pressed against his hand.

He keeps his eyes shut, skating his fingers over her squishy flesh, then squeezing, pinching, stroking. All gently of course. Mabel is breathing audibly now and, when he lifts his head to take a look at her, her bottom lip is caught between her teeth and her eyes are squeezed shut and *wow, wow does she look sexy*, and curse these damn jeans for getting so unbearably tight...

Dipper grits his teeth; it's actually gotten to the point of sort-of-pain now, and he knows that in order to be able to relax and enjoy this and give a proper amount of attention to Mabel, he's going to have to free himself from his self-imposed denim prison. Like, now.

The hand under her shirt stills, causing his clearly hot and bothered twin to open her eyes and look groggily at him—Dipper feels his cheeks glow as he tries to form sentences while fidgeting against the confines of his jeans.

"Er—Mabel—I need to—d'ya mind if I—"

He directs his gaze down between them and Mabel catches on; her cheeks brighten along with his but at the same time she's making this cute little smirk at him. "Yea, no, go ahead, you don't have to ask permission, y'know."

Yeah, he *knows* that, he just doesn't want to freak her out. When anything pops out. Or accidentally pokes her. Or something. He's self conscious about these things, okay?

Unable to wait any longer, Dipper reluctantly slips his hand out from under the faded business conference shirt; as soon as he does, both of his hands dive for his belt, unbuckling it with clumsy fingers and, once over that hump, go directly for the button latching it all together. Before he can clear the button/zipper obstacle, Mabel is grabbing his hands, halting his movements, and he looks up at her in surprise.

"Mind if I do it?" his twin sister asks innocently, even though he *knows* her intentions are anything but and he's ninety-nine percent sure his jaw is opening and closing like a fishes' at the moment.

Without waiting for him to form an answer, Mabel pushes him on his side. A determined look adorns her face, pink tongue poking out of her mouth, and she's practically ripping open his fly, then sitting up to yank his jeans down to his knees, effectively revealing a pair of wrinkled Batman boxers, and...

Dipper turns red, suddenly torn between the two battling feelings of relief because *finally*, his erection is free and embarrassment because *oh god*, his erection is free and Mabel can probably see everything and this is way more than he bargained for, like, honestly he was just hoping he'd be able to accomplish touching her chest without screwing it up, and now this is just—

All forms of coherent thought fly out the window when Mabel shamelessly reaches down between his legs to abruptly grab him through his underwear and give him a soft squeeze, earning a dry, throaty, dying animal type “*hnnng*—” from her squirming brother.

Yep. *Wayyy* more than he bargained for.

She lets out a low giggle, letting him go as she moves to get comfy on her side in a position symmetrical to his, and while she does this he takes the opportunity to kick out of his jeans completely. The two then fall still, lying face-to-face and staring at each other through hazy eyes. Mabel moves a hand forward and ghosts it down his chest until she reaches the waistband of his last article of clothing. Hesitating a few seconds before pulling his boxers all the way down his legs and tossing them away, she pauses to get a good look at him, red-faced, then lays back on her side and bravely takes him in her hand again; Dipper gives off a pleased whimper, leaning forward until their foreheads meet, his eyes screwed shut. When she starts to stroke him, his limbs turn to jelly and he falls limp against the pillows, because it's ridiculous how real Mabel's hand is so so *so* much better than dream Mabel's, or even his own.

Her rhythm and angle is a little awkward at first, so after psyching himself up in his head for half a minute he gulps in a breath and reaches his hand down between them, covering her hand with his own—she jumps a bit, surprised, but relaxes a second later, allowing him to guide her into something a little more comfortable for him.

She catches on fast—*Ohhhhhhhwow shit shit shit*—and soon he's squirming for her, cursing and moaning her name every so often, effectively turning to putty under her hand.

He's close, really close, when it suddenly occurs to him that he's being kinda selfish here, and he opens two unfocused eyes to look at Mabel—she's frowning just slightly, her tongue poking a tiny bit out of her mouth, looking as if all her concentration is currently being dedicated to making *him* feel good—the sight is somehow both arousing and adorable, a phenomenon that seems to describe Mabel's general movements in bed perfectly. A quick decision is made and he knows he's gotta move fast because the coil in his belly is getting very, *very* close to snapping.

With every inch of strength he has in him, Dipper takes hold of her wrist to still her movements; it's painful, but he doesn't want to lose the fire that has been slowly building up in the pit of his stomach since Mabel first started undoing his shirt—not yet.

She moves her hand away from him, her face worried and apologetic. “Oh, sorry. Were you not—”

He cuts her off, laughter laced in his voice at the sheer absurdity of where she was going with that question. “Mabel, seriously, that was the actual best thing ever. I um, I was just thinking. That, uh...” Mabel looks confused at first, but seemingly gets the picture when his tentative hand begins to wander slowly up her thigh, breaching the hem of her shirt and moving higher.

She raises her eyebrows, to which he responds with a sheepish grin.

“Is it okay if I return the favor?” Dipper supposes the line could’ve been smooth if he didn’t sound so damn timid, but he’s already such a hot mess that at this point it’s hard to really hide anything from her, even the nerves in his voice.

She nods at him shyly, grinning and mumbling a, “Go for it, bro,” and with permission secured, he carefully pushes up her shirt until he can see her panties—they’re pink and yellow with a picture of a lemon slice on the front. *Cute.*

His hand pauses on her hip for a second, and he can see how obviously nervous Mabel’s face is, causing him to be even *more* nervous than he already is. Dipper’s goal is to wipe the nerves off her face and make her feel as good as she made him feel, but he’s got, like, zero experience with pleasuring ladies like this, zilch, nada, and truthfully he didn’t think he’d get this far for at least another month. So he’s not quite as prepared as he would have liked to be.

Still, thanks to a lot of ahem, private time with his computer, Dipper knows the basic mechanics. Now if he could just squash the incessant jitters buzzing around in his stomach, he’d be golden. Ish.

Gotta start somewhere, he thinks, so without anymore delay, Dipper brings his hand down to gently feel along the crotch of her underwear—Mabel starts pawing at his chest and his length gives a twitch while his eyes almost bug out of his head, because he sure was definitely not expecting the material to already be so, um... *soaked.*

He starts stroking her through her panties, gauging her reaction, and when he hears Mabel’s breathing become ragged, Dipper feels confident enough to tug away the pink lemonade undies completely, sitting up and dragging them down her legs until they’re far enough for her to kick them away. His heart flutters like crazy as he takes in the sight of his half-naked sister; he must be staring pretty obviously because Mabel flicks his arm, cocking her head and making a silly, vaguely self-conscious face at him when he glances up at her. He blushes and gives her a smile. Lying back on his side, he leans forward to place a reassuring kiss on her lips as his fingers make their way back between her legs, moving to stroke her like he was doing before, and—

Dipper’s ears turn a fresh scarlet. Hm. Wow. So, she is—wow, yeah, she’s—really, *really* wet.

And just when he thought he couldn’t get any harder.

Opening his mouth against Mabel's and deepening the kiss, Dipper finally lets go of his hesitancy and throws himself into exploring and teasing her. Running his hand along her from top to bottom, he thoroughly feels everything out with the pads of his fingers, one soft, wet part of her at a time. Mabel shudders and moans into his mouth. It's not long before he's found her entrance and is dipping in his middle finger, seeing how far it will go—god he couldn't wait any longer, and she's so warm and tight, and this is amazing, seriously, actual dreams are being realized right now—when he hits the knuckle, he experimentally wiggles and curls his finger just slightly, and Mabel breaks away from his lips, grabbing his hair and whimpering. Her cheeks are almost comically red and Dipper can't help but grin and bite his lip at his handiwork.

Turning back to the task—*man* he's really getting into this now—he slowly eases his finger in and out of her for a little while (thank god he cut his nails last week), reveling in the novel feeling of her satiny flesh snugly surrounding the lone digit, before he succumbs to the urge to carefully work in his ring finger. A rumbling, longing groan escapes his throat, and he can feel himself throb hard. He has just started to stroke her from the inside again when he hears Mabel mumble something against his neck. He couldn't make out exactly what she said but they were definitely not words of pleasure. Ah, crap.

Dipper's hand freezes. He tries to get a look at his sister's face but it's kind of hard when she has her head buried under his chin.

"Uhhh—sorry, didn't catch that, what?"

Mabel moves her head off of him, her eyes averted. "Mm, could you maybe, like... try it, like..." She tries to repeat herself but trails off with an embarrassed whine, and Dipper realizes with some surprise that she's attempting to give him some direction.

He cautiously removes his fingers. "Hey, uh... you know... don't be afraid to tell me what you want, okay? I'm uh, I'm pretty new at this, not gonna lie, a little instruction couldn't hurt."

Dipper is amazed at how easy it was for him to get that out, and Mabel still looks very pink, but also kind of grateful and a lot less uncertain. She gives him a smile and takes his hand, guiding his fingers back down between her thighs and moving them upwards until he runs across a tiny bump.

He has the urge to smack his forehead. *Oh, friggin' duh!*

"There," she says.

"Here," Dipper repeats back, rubbing two fingers around in a small, gentle circle, causing Mabel's breath to hitch.

"Y-yeah," she mumbles, bowing her head and wrapping her arms around him. "Just—yeah. Keep it—there. But not too hard."

"You got it." He kisses the top of her head.

X marks the spot, because he follows her directions exactly and soon she's making noises he's never even heard her make before, much to his delight. He starts rubbing her with three fingers instead of two, watching her unravel before his eyes—she's getting wiggly, her breathing loud and shaky, and every now and then she'll gasp or moan or whisper 'faster' or 'softer' or whatever right in his ear, hot and breathily, and yup, Dipper officially deems this moment one of the greatest of his entire life.

The sight of her openly enjoying what he's doing to her has him fighting not to fall apart—a task that becomes *extraordinarily* more difficult when Mabel suddenly releases her handful of his curly mop and swipes down between her legs before she reaches for his erection again with her slicked up fingers, flicking her wrist and stroking him soundly, picking up *exactly* where she left off. Oh, holy god... he hisses out a high pitched moan as Mabel noticeably speeds up her pace, rubbing the tip of him with her thumb every so often, so he picks up his pace too. Otherwise he is *definitely* going to beat her to this punch, seriously, holy freaking shit.

Both of their hands are moving furiously; unable to help himself, Dipper starts to thrust his hips into her hand, just as she starts to almost imperceptibly rotate her own hips around his fingers, which are curving against her as fast as he can possibly make them go; her mouth is hanging open so wide that she could catch flies, meanwhile he is clenching his teeth, fighting to hold on a second longer, not wanting to lose it before she does.

The air in the room is now thick with heat and breathy pants and quiet moans, the occasional curse or "*god*" thrown into the mix. They're both so frustratingly close that it has almost become a contest to see who will be first to tip over the edge.

In the end, it's Dipper who cums first, burying his blotchy face in Mabel's hair as he breathes out her name and feels something within him snap, his body spasming as he empties himself into her hand and a little on the bed, too. He doesn't stop moving his fingers, though, even *through* the white noise ringing in his ears, the stars blinking in his eyes, and the general *holy shit* feeling that comes with what had to be the most intense orgasm he's ever had. To his relief he soon he feels Mabel tense up and tremble against him, a strangled moan leaving her lips. After a while, when he finally feels her start to relax again, he lets his cramped fingers fall to the bed, flexing them a few times to get rid of the crick in them.

They don't do much but lay there after the fact, breathing still erratic, their gazes on the ceiling, both trying to stifle their pleasantly surprised and giddy smiles over what could only be deemed as a *successful* first sexy-times adventure together.

Mabel stirs first, sitting up to grab some tissues from the box on the bottom shelf of her nightstand to wipe her hand and her pink bedspread clean. Dipper blushes, turning away from the scene only to find a lone teddy bear perched right next to his head—one of the few who somehow escaped getting kicked off the bed. It's hollowly staring at him with what he knows are judging eyes and he cringes.

He reaches forward with a dead arm, sloppily turning the bear towards the wall, uttering a low and breathless, "You saw nothing."

Mabel, who had watched the whole thing, starts to laugh so hard she snorts, leaving her even more short of breath than she was before; Dipper can't help but join in because her laughter has always been infectious to him.

When the giggles die down Mabel looks down at her brother—who is suddenly feeling very naked—and smiles at him for a long second before poking his shoulder, wiggling her eyebrows.

“Ehh? Ehh? Third base. How ‘bout that?” she jokes, attempting to make her face extra suggestive.

Dipper grins, his ears heating up yet *again*, and lightly bats her hand away. “Yeah, that was pretty awesome. Although I think that would still technically be considered second.”

She rolls her eyes playfully and moves to get out of bed. “Aw come on! Some people would say that was definitely third.”

“Whatever you say, Mabel. Hey, mind handing me my boxers?”

“Why certainly dark knight. One undies retrieval comin’ up.”

Mabel not-so-gently flings his superhero-themed underwear at his chest before trotting over to her dresser to grab a new pair for herself. As he pulls his shorts up Dipper watches her put on panties out of the corner of his eye—green and purple this time.

“Ahem. Don’t you know the rule of mirrors Dipper?” Mabel sing-songs over to him from the dresser, making him jump. “If you can see me, I can see you.”

He turns red, falling back into the pillows, mumbling, “It’s not like it didn’t just see a bunch of stuff...”

“Heard that!”

She bounds back across the room, her dolphin headband returned to its rightful place on top of her head, and jumps into bed, jostling her bedfellow and pulling back the fluffy comforter. “Come on now, get your butt under.”

He obliges, tiredly crawling under the sheets and letting her wrap them up together in a big pink cocoon. Mabel darts her head down to his neck, playfully “*nomnomnom*”ing against his skin while tickling his belly, making Dipper let out a shriek and some giggles against his will. He snorts and ducks down to capture her lips with his, half to stop the tickling, half because he really wants to, stretching out the soft kiss long enough to cause Mabel to sigh happily into his mouth. She breaks the kiss only to initiate another, tilting her head. His fingers twine into the curly hair at the back of her neck, hers moving to scratch up and down his back, making him hum in bliss.

They continue to kiss tenderly for a few minutes until Mabel pulls away, her lips pouting. “Mmm, Dips, I’m super sleepy. Also I love you.”

“Then let’s go to sleep. Also I love you too.”

Giggling, she raises her eyebrows suggestively, puckering her lips to make kissy noises at him. “Hey broooo, ya wanna have a sleepoverrrr?”

“Uh, yeah, duh,” Dipper laughs.

Mabel sits up to lean over and tap the buttons on top of her clock radio for a second, then flick off her bedside lamp before snuggling back against him.

“I set my alarm for 5:30, that’s your kick-out time.” Regular Mabel voice inexplicably morphs into pirate Mabel voice, “Arrr, so when ye hear it ye better get the heck out of me room, boy-o. Tha’tis if ye know what’s good fer ye.”

Dipper grunts out a sleepy, “Aye aye, cap’n,” drowsily nodding against the top of her head. She pulls back one last time to search out his eyes in the darkness.

“What’s up?” he asks quietly, when she doesn’t say anything right away.

Her lips stretch into a wide, genuine smile and he can make out the white of her teeth in the dark.

“Ahh, nothin’,” is her cheerful reply, and she moves forward to peck him on the mouth one last time that night. Dipper’s eyes quickly drift closed and he presses back against her lips and hey, there’s that weightless feeling in his chest again.

After a second Mabel pulls away. “Goodnight, Dipper.”

“Night, Mabel,” he replies softly, feeling her head move down to lie against his chest. He slips an arm around her and his eyelashes flutter shut, a ghost of a smile on his face. Mabel is so, so warm. And soft. And comforting. He breathes deeply in and out, taking his time as he exhales. This is really nice, getting to fall asleep next to her.

Tonight is atypical for Dipper to say the least, because for once there is not one single hint of an anxious thought plaguing his head. For him, that is nothing short of a miracle.

Comfortable, content, and unbelievably happy, with his twin cuddled up to his side, he easily drifts off to sleep.

1.3 Chapter 3: Chair

“What American writer wrote the 1957 novel *On the Road*?”

“Buzz.”

“Yes—Mr. Pines?”

“Jack Keroac.”

Mabel pauses a moment, narrowing her eyes at him from her perch on their dad’s yellow arm chair, making her best ‘suspenseful game show host’ face. She glances at the thick white packet in her hands, then looks back down at the living room floor, where her twin brother is sprawled out on the carpet, his arms crossed behind his head. Finally, she opens her mouth.

“*Ding ding ding!* And yet another correct answer to Mr. Pines!” She’s got the packet of practice questions rolled up in her hand, using it as a mock microphone. “My my, folks, he’s got quite the streak going now, doesn’t he! What a whiz kid!”

Dipper grins at the compliment, taking his arms back from around his head and revealing a mini Nyarf gun in his hand. “Your mustache is lopsided.” He laughs at the gasp that immediately follows, shooting a dart in her direction as his sister frantically pats her bushy black fake mustache back into place. “What does wearing a mustache have to do with being a game show host, anyway?”

“Dipper, Dipper, Dipper. It has everything to do with being a game show host. *Everything.*” She stares dramatically into the distance and he cranes his neck to follow her gaze, only to find she’s staring at nothing but a blank spot on the wall across from them. He rolls his eyes and shoots another Nyarf dart at her, watching it bounce off her sparkly purple sweater.

“Hit me with the next question, Mabel Trebeck.”

This snaps her out of her mustache induced trance and she turns her head to smile down at him wickedly.

“Gasp! Are you implying I’m going to end up leaving you to run off and get married to the great and legendary Alex Trebeck?”

A blush blooms on his cheeks and he frowns. “*No*, I’m implying that you—”

“—Because I won’t lie, the thought has crossed my mind. We’d make such a beautiful game show power couple.”

Another dart flies in her direction. “*Next question.*”

Mabel relents, sticking her tongue out at him and unfurling the thick packet in her hands, her eyes scanning for questions they hadn't gotten to yet. One of her bare legs is lazily bouncing over her knee and Dipper doesn't realize he's staring until his eyes have already been glued to her legs for a good ten seconds. He yanks his gaze away and aims a dart at the ceiling.

"Mmmmmwhat *is*... the tallest waterfall in the world?"

"Buzz."

"Yes—Mr. Pines, go ahead." Her game show host voice has returned full force.

"Victoria Falls." The words spill out of him quickly and automatically.

"*Ehhhh!*" Dipper winces as Mabel bestows upon him the 'wrong answer' sound for the first time that afternoon, pulling out a Nyarf gun of her own from behind her back. She points it at his head and a foam dart subsequently bounces off the brim of his hat. Then her voice takes on her infamously inaccurate Minnesota accent when she looks down her nose to nod in his direction. "Answer's Angel Falls, don'tcha knooow."

"Shit," he mumbles to himself. "I knew that, I *knew* that."

Mabel scoffs at her brother's discouraged face. "Oh no, one wrong answer out of forty-six, someone call the town constable!" She shrugs good-naturedly. "C'mon man, it's only one question. Cut yourself some slack."

"Regional scholastic bowl's on *Friday*, Mabel. I gotta be prepared."

Dipper rolls to his feet and strides over to flop down next to her in the huge plush armchair. He holds his hand out to her expectantly. "Lemme see the packet real quick."

Giant puppy dog eyes appear on Mabel's face as she hugs the papers to her chest and her lower lip protrudes out from under her mustache. "But... but... game show," is all she offers him. He pulls the packet out of her grip anyway.

"I just wanna study a few pages, okay? Gameshow's not over yet."

"Blahhh laaame." She blows her bangs out of her eyes, shoulders slumping as she watches her brother bury his nose in the packet of papers and disappear into study mode. Stupid boring study mode. She leans into him, resting her chin on his shoulder and glancing at the random trivia facts he's currently pouring over. A few questions she knows the answer to meet her eyes, and she hums into the fabric of his navy blue band t-shirt.

"Hey, I know some of this stuff. *Hah*, maybe I should join the scholastic decathlon team," she wonders aloud.

"You could," he shrugs distractedly.

For a minute she contemplates what it would be like to be on an academic team with Dipper... could be fun. She scrunches up her nose. On second thought Dipper is ridiculously competitive about this stuff, and would probably get all haughty and end up turning it into some sort of competition between them. Probably not a good idea. Their relationship was complicated enough as it is.

“Nah...” Mabel snuggles her head into the crook of his neck and inhales contentedly, letting out a leisurely sigh. He showered this morning, so he smells like axe body wash along with that unknown scent that she can never describe as anything but purely Dipper. It’s comforting to her, and she makes a small contented noise and closes her eyes. They only stay closed for a minute or two before Dipper lightly elbows her away.

“That thing on your face keeps tickling my neck,” he says without looking up.

Mabel frowns, her eyes narrowing and eyebrows raising in the most exaggerated way. “So. The truth comes out. You got a problem with the ‘stache, huh?” When he doesn’t respond she folds her arms over her chest. “I see how it is...”

She looks in the other direction innocently for a few seconds before diving her head back to his neck, relentlessly rubbing the scratchy black caterpillar on her face into his skin while simultaneously shoving her tickling fingers up under his armpit. Giggling bursts out of both parties and Dipper attempts to swat her away with one hand while gripping his packet of facts with the other. “Knock—*haha*—knock it off Mabel! I’m trying t-to studeeeeeeey—” His words veer off into a high pitch, his voice cracking when Mabel lifts his shirt to attack the extra ticklish spot on his belly, and he jerks forward on reflex, latching onto her wrist. “Come on I’m serious, quit it.”

Mabel rolls her eyes and snatches her hand back out of his grip, relenting. “Fine, fine. Ya big wiener.” Her gaze drifts back down to his exposed stomach and she grins, bringing a finger down to stroke back and forth along the thin trail of hair under his bellybutton, consequently causing Dipper to turn pink. “Hee hee. I love your happy trail,” she sighs out the words and giggles softly.

“...Yeah?” Comes his quiet, slightly awkward sounding response, if only because he doesn’t know what else to say. His heart rate picks up and his eyes shift down to the top of her head, trying to decide where she’s going with this.

“Yep.”

They continue on like this for a moment, and Dipper can’t believe that after being so *close* with Mabel for almost six months, he *still* can’t totally tell the difference between when she’s waiting for him to make a move and when she’s just messing around with him. Heck, sometimes it’s both; *dang it*, curse her talent of confusing him to no end.

To his slight disappointment she tugs his shirt down and smiles up at him, still wearing that accursed mustache. She wiggles it at him, leaning in towards his face, causing Dipper to draw back and cringe. Oy.

Well at least that takes care of heat that had just started to bubble around in the bottom of his stomach. Ignoring the offended expression on her face, he flips to another page of the packet.

“Woah woah, how dare you make such faces at the ‘stache,” Mabel quips, scrunching her eyebrows together jokingly. “What, you won’t do anything with me just ‘cos I’m wearing a mustache?”

He gives her a look from the corner of his eye as if this fact should be totally obvious. “Uh, no.”

“Well then you have some nerve, buddy.”

This conversation doesn’t seem to be going anywhere, so Dipper returns his focus to memorizing ancient Greek city-states. That is, until he feels Mabel lick his neck, making him jump and drop the packet on the floor. He hears her giggle and then her tongue is on his neck again, trailing slowly over his skin and despite the additional tickle of that stupid mustache, he can already feel his blood rushing below the belt line. Her breath is hot against his neck, and when she kisses him over his pulse point and nips her teeth lightly on his sensitive skin, he really wishes he hadn’t opted to wear sweatpants on this particular lazy Sunday afternoon.

What exactly is she trying to prove here, anyway?

“Mabel,” he whines, “*stop*. You’re being a weirdo.”

“Ahh-*hah*,” she chuckles victoriously, finally taking notice of the situation forming in his pants. “Admit it. The game show mustache turns you on. Proof’s in the puddin’, brother.” Her hand goes straight for his loose fitting waistband but he grabs her arm before she gets anywhere; Mabel quickly retreats, looking flushed and surprised.

“Could you please stop messing with me for once?”

He knows she was only joking and that he’s being an uptight little dork, but he missed his chance to join in on the joke about ten minutes ago, and now he just feels stupid and hot and uncomfortable. And idiotic for swatting her hand away when she was about to stick it down his pants. Since when does he ever turn *that* down?

She’s chewing on a piece of her hair, looking apologetic. “Dang, sorry,” she offers. “I was just playing, I know you don’t have a like... weird mustache fetish or whatever.”

His eyes soften at the sight of her slumping shoulders and he nudges her with his elbow, the corner of his mouth quirking upwards when she raises her eyes to meet his gaze. “Nahh, I’m sorry for being such a killjoy.”

The smile returns and she inclines her head up towards his. “Aw Dip, you are anything but a killjoy. The complete opposite, in fact. A birthjoy.”

Warmth fills his chest at the sincerity in her words and a wide grin splits his face in two. “Oh yeah? Even if I do *this*?” One of his hands darts between them to pinch the edge of the mustache that’s *still* sitting like a big hairy caterpillar on her face, peeling it off and unwaveringly slapping it to the living room wall behind the chair, leaving it there to stick. He raises his eyebrows at her in a challenging way, holding in laughter at the expression on her face. She stares at her formal facial hair now sticking creepily to the wall, then back at her brother.

“That was a ballsy move, contestant Pines.”

Dipper scoots closer, pinning her against the arm of the chair and mumbling, “Uh huh, well I’m a ballsy guy,” before he closes his eyes along with the distance between them, pressing their lips together. She responds to him right away, a happy noise vibrating in her throat, and rakes her fingers through his hair until she knocks the hat off his head and onto the floor. Then her arms come around his torso to trail blunt rainbow-painted nails down the length of his back, her head tilting, her tongue tracing his lips. And as long as he’s had the freedom to kiss her without consequence, it still leaves him dumbstruck and lightheaded and makes him feel like the luckiest damn guy in the world.

Their position is little awkward—he’s hovering over her, one knee digging into the seat cushion with his other leg dangling off towards the carpet, while she’s draped over the chair sideways and craning her neck up towards him—but that doesn’t stop them from playing some good ol’ fashioned tonsil hockey for awhile. Their flushed faces turn this way and that, searching for that perfect angle to sweep each other’s mouths thoroughly and maybe a little more forcefully than usual, their hands pulling at one another’s clothes. He maneuvers his body so that his ever-persistent erection presses into her thigh and lets out a long, soft groan against her lips when she slips a hand in between them and palms his crotch.

Their parents aren’t home and shouldn’t be for at least another few hours but they’re out in the open air of the living room, front door and windows only a few feet away. Usually this would make Dipper nervous, too nervous to actually do anything with Mabel until they’re hidden away behind the safety of a locked door to one of their rooms. Today however, is different; for whatever reason instead of breaking things up before they get too hot he’s fueling the fire, boldly dragging his hand over Mabel’s breast and squeezing gently, moving it down her torso until it’s slipping under her skirt, down the front of her panties and going straight for her clit. He starts to vibrate a few fingers over it with tiny, subtle movements and with a gasping giggle she breaks the kiss, a blissful smile coming to her face. He grins right back at her, bending down to trail kisses under her ear and along her neck, feeling like a million bucks at the pleased squeaks and moans that tumble from her lips. By now they’ve done this more than enough times for Dipper to know exactly what Mabel wants from him, and it feels so good to actually be able to deliver with confidence.

He feels the hand that was slowly massaging his cock through his sweatpants abruptly leave to go fist the front of his shirt, but there’s no disappointment on his part at all because the *look on her face* when he’s touching her like this is *so* worth giving up a potential hand job, no question.

“Nghhhh*god*, Dip,” she laughs between heavy breaths. “You’re making me sound like a . . . a . . . *ahh*,” her sentence is put on hold for a second so she can tilt her head back to squeeze her eyes shut and heave a breathless sigh. “A-a dying chihuahua, or something.”

“That’s the idea,” Dipper responds easily, ruining his suaveness with a heavy grunt as he ceases his incessant rubbing to slide the middle and ring finger of his left hand deep inside of her. His eyelids fall closed. . . *Fuck*, she’s so wet. . . his stomach flips and his cock twitches in his boxers when he mentally replaces his fingers with something else.

“*S-shit*, Mabel.”

They make eye contact for a few heart pounding seconds and then he’s kissing her, *hard*, quickly delving his two fingers in and out while she grips fistfuls of his shirt like it’s her job, arching her back to grind herself further into his touch. They moan airily into the kiss at almost the same time and it’s becoming pretty clear that they both have the same thing in mind.

Breathing heavily, he pulls away from her lips, pressing a kiss to her cheek and muttering a shaky, “Hey, you wanna. . .?”

Her response is instant despite how she’s trying hard to catch her breath, a difficult feat since she suddenly can’t seem to stop giggling. “Uh, *yeah*.”

Dipper grins toothily as he receives a green light from Mabel, a choir of hallelujahs singing in his head because *this* part of their physical relationship is still new enough to have him hesitating about initiating it. Which kinda sucks because holy *shit*, there’s nothing better. Nothing. He never thought he would be that guy, but okay, if it was between giving up his entire collection of well-loved Sibling Brothers books, or going without being *with* Mabel for a month. . . sorry, but the books were going to have to go. Fuck it, he could buy new books.

The first time hadn’t gone all that well. For all the planning he put into it, it turned out to be an embarrassingly quick and awkward affair—mainly, he remembers with tomato red ears, his fault. But that didn’t matter, because the second time was loads better, and oh *man*, don’t even get him started on the third.

Dipper hops to his feet, grabbing Mabel’s hand and taking her with him. “So, my room?” he asks quickly, leading them towards the stairs, carelessly stepping right on the long forgotten scholastic bowl packet and crushing a few of the papers. He’s doing a poor job of masking his impatience and he knows it, but he’s so jittery and horny and his brain isn’t forming any coherent thoughts at the moment so he can’t really find it in himself to care.

There’s a tug behind him and the teenaged boy turns around to find Mabel frozen in place, staring at the carpet while wearing sly smile. She tugs her hand out of his grip. “Or. . . you know. . .” her eyes raise to meet his confused stare and she shrugs, finger combing a few flyaway brown curls, looking like she’s on the verge of stuffing one of the strands in her mouth. “We could just stay down here? I mean that could be fun. A fun thing to do.”

He raises his eyebrows, as it dawns on him what she's getting at. "What, in the chair? Dad's chair?" Dipper glances warily at the locked front door. "You uh. . . sure that's a good idea?"

"Dude, you're acting like we didn't just do a bunch of stuff on it like five seconds ago," she brings a finger to her chin, "and that other time, and that other time. . ." She snorts out a laugh, taking his sweaty palm in hers and threading their fingers together. "Plus, the chair's a classic. *Close as we wanna be*, remember?"

Deep red blooms on the apples of Dipper's cheeks, and a few awkward chuckles bubble out of his throat. How could he forget?

He glances over his shoulder at the door one last time before thinking, '*screw it*'—there's an embarrassingly conspicuous tent at the front of his sweatpants, and the girl he's in love with is currently beckoning him over so they can do it in a chair. Why was this even a question?

"Alright, you've sold me," Dipper finally answers, squeezing her hand. Her face lights up and she drags him hurriedly back over to that infamous piece of furniture, and he ultimately concludes that yes, Mabel does indeed have a thing for chairs.

More apprehension creeps into his brain as he acknowledges the fact that for the first time they're doing this out in the open in a fully lit room; he usually relies on the dark or a comforter to hide his bodily and performance insecurities, down here he's got nothing to work with. But he only has time to dwell on this for a few quick seconds before Mabel's got her fingers on either side of his waistband, tugging down both pants and underwear and exposing his nether regions in one clean sweep. She doesn't bother with his shirt, only pushing on his chest until he falls back to have his bare ass meet yellow cushion. He blinks and she's already chucked her skirt and sweater to the floor, now busy unlatching her cheery pink and white polka-dotted bra and stepping out of her panties.

Wow, and here Dipper thought *he* was the impatient one.

When she's completely naked she turns to look down at him in the chair, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear a little bit shyly, and—a-and jeez, he really can't remember he's supposed to be doing with his hands. His gaze bounces from the space between her legs to her chest to her face, where he keeps eye contact as she looms over him. The way she's looking at him has him caught in some sort of trance that he'd never try to break out of even if he had the choice.

There's a determined look on her face as she climbs onto the chair to straddle him, and soon he feels a gentle hand wrap around his dick and hold him in place. Both their breathing becomes ragged when she simply runs the tip back and forth along her wet entrance; she brings him forward to lightly rub him against her clit, her hips moving faintly, and her breath hitches audibly before he hears her whimper. Watching her do this just makes him harder, a drop of pre beading out of him. *Fuck*, this anticipation is killing him.

“M-Mabel.” At his stutter she giggles, smiling down at him with a blushing face and amusement in her eyes.

“Mhmmm?” Her voice is laced with innocent curiosity but he knows better; she knows exactly what he wants and is of course going to jerk his chain around before she gives it to him. Mabel can’t resist a game.

“Aw, Mabels, you’re not actually gonna make me beg, are you?” His face turns a darker shade of red. That sounded kinda sexy in his head, but whenever he hears himself say lines like that to her with his own ears it just ends up sounding cheesy and stupid.

Mabel laughs again, leaning down to kiss the shell of his ear, never ceasing her subtle movements on him. “Your words, not mine, bro.” Her tongue darts out to lick his earlobe before she bites down on it and he lets out a tiny yelp, his erection twitching in her hand.

Damn, when did she get so good at foreplay?

His twin pulls back to drum the fingers of her free hand on her chin. “Although now that... now that you mention it... y’know, a little ‘please, oh awesome and beautiful lady Mabel’ couldn’t hurt...”

Her mask of playful arrogance is kind of ruined by her panting, and it’s so much of a turn on for the frustrated boy underneath her that he decides to break down and play along. He makes a show of rolling his eyes first, for the sake of his dignity.

“Please, oh awesome a-and—*ahhh*...” Either Mabel really is as impatient as he is, or she decided to cut him some slack, because he doesn’t finish his sentence before she starts to lower her body and allow him to slide into her; she’s so slick that it only takes a few seconds for her bottom to meet his thighs, and the sudden feeling of *Mabel* all around him coaxes an almost comically loud groan out of his mouth, his mind going completely blank.

They’ve only had sex four times before this and she feels just as warm and amazing as she did the first time—his eyelids squeeze shut, his grip on her thighs tightening. *God*. He’ll never get tired of this feeling. Never ever ever.

Dipper’s voice waivers, a weak “*Fuck*,” gasping from his lips. He sighs out her name as she begins to slowly roll her hips over him, her every movement languid and yet pronounced, and at first all he can do is let his head fall back against the chair and down in the feeling. Dainty fingers twist into his t-shirt at the shoulder, her nails digging into the skin underneath. Warm hands come up to hold his scratchy jaw and Mabel leans down to kiss him just as he starts to bob his hips upwards to meet her, attempting to follow her lead and keep things slow and deep. No sooner has he poked his tongue in her mouth than she’s abruptly dragging her lips away to the side of his face, moaning against his cheek. The sound makes the heat in Dipper’s belly practically set fire, and he finds himself tonguing and kissing his way down her neck and across her collarbone, finally nestling his burning face in the space between her neck and shoulder. Every meeting of their hips makes it harder to breathe; beads of sweat start to drip down his forehead.

Without really thinking about it Dipper squashes his lips against her neck and mutters out a muffled, “I love you”—then he hears himself say it again, because it’s honestly the only thing he can think right now, how utterly and completely and pathetically in love with her he is. His brain processes nothing but *Mabel, Mabel, Mabel*, how amazing she is, how gorgeous she looks moving on top of him, how freaking *good* being with her feels.

In response to his quiet affirmations she pulls back enough to kiss his cheek, then the corner of his mouth, then full and deeply on his lips. She takes one of his hands off her thigh and brings it to her breast, holding him in place as she sits back and switches her movements to rising up and lowering herself back down onto him, pointedly gazing into his eyes. He very nearly squeaks with pleasure. Her eyes are half lidded, bangs sticking to her forehead, cheeks red and bottom lip caught between her teeth.

Man. He’s having a *lot* of trouble taking in air at the moment.

Their eye contact gets so intense that soon Dipper is forced to look away, his heart hammering in his chest. Instead his eyes trail down her figure until he’s watching himself disappear inside of her, over, and over, and... shit. If he stares at the sight any longer he’s going to cum, which is something he definitely does not want happening yet, continuing to desperately hang on to the hope that he can hold out long enough for her to maybe finish with him. So far it has yet to happen for her during the actual sex—he’s been finishing her off with his fingers afterwards every time, which is fine but, he just—he just wants to see if he can actually...

So he rips his eyes away, and when Dipper looks at her face again he realizes that he’s going to have to take some sort of action, right now, or else he’s going to be winning this race yet again. Her eyes closed, she gives off another contented sigh, causing his face to set with determination. He doesn’t want her to be simply *content*.

On a whim he eases his hand out of her tender grasp, bringing it down with the other to grip her hips firmly enough to still her movements. Not another second passes before he’s scooting them both down the chair until he has enough leverage to buck his hips fully up and into her, setting the pace with short, quick thrusts. He wraps his arms around her body and hugs her tightly against him, adjusting his angle until he feels himself go deeper, refusing to let himself slow down.

“O-oh, *Dip*—Dipper... *Dipper*...” She’s moaning his name over and over, breathless, and *yup*, if he wasn’t before he’s definitely getting her somewhere now. She cries out and drops her face into his hair, where he can hear her breathe out, “*Oh, oh god,*” her voice muffled and trembling. Suddenly he’s worrying that he’s being too hard, too rough, but when stutters out an offer to simmer down Mabel takes him completely by surprise by uttering what sounds suspiciously like a growl, stuttering out a threat to punch him if he even thinks about stopping what he’s doing.

They've never done it quite like this before, with unabashedly loud moans and her whimpers of "Yes" almost drowning out the faint sound of skin smacking together and *fuck*, fuckfuckfuck he's losing stamina and momentum and control over his body fast—he shuts his eyes tightly, feeling like a ticking time bomb because any second now he's going to explode.

Then without warning he feels the wet warmth that surrounds him tighten and release again and again while Mabel sinks her teeth into the skin of his shoulder and *squeals*. *Holy shit*. Dipper manages to last a few more seconds before his senses become completely overloaded and he can't take it anymore. He slams into her one last time before finally letting go, a series of grunts and gasps freely escaping his lips as he's hit with wave after wave of white hot pleasure.

It seems like forever before his body decides to stop twitching and there's still a faint ringing in his ears when he lets his head loll to the side against the chair, his eyes closed as he struggles for breath. Then he remembers something and they pop back open; he lifts his head look over at Mabel, who's trying to get her limbs to cooperate enough to prop herself up, her eyes hazy.

"Uh, did you...?" he trails off.

"Holy wow," she stares at nothing, her face in awe. "Yeah, I did."

Dipper grins ear to ear. *Nailed it. Uh, pretty much literally.*

She's still for another second or two and then starts to stir on top of him, breaking out of their sort of hug-turned-death grip, and he feels himself slip out of her. He follows her lead and they inch back up into a more comfortable sitting position, their arms weaving around each other. Mabel lays her head on his shoulder while he lets his fall against the back of the chair, feeling completely satisfied, both of them still attempting to breathe normally again.

After a minute Mabel lets out a stunned laugh.

"Woah man, that was—that was really hot." She laughs again and sits up to look at him. "Bro, we are hot! Practically on fire with this sexy time business!" She makes a fist and pounds the front of it against his chest, doing her best impression of the sound of an explosion. He chuckles, *still* breathless, his eyes coming to rest on a crack in the ceiling.

"Yeah. Wow, that was... that was... yeah."

She eyes the blissful grin that's spread across his face and raises a teasing eyebrow. "Uh oh. The contestant has lost the ability to form words. However will he compete in the question and answer thingee bowl now?"

"I-It's called the scholastic bowl. See, I can form words fine. Nyahh." He doesn't give her the chance to come up with a retort, dipping down a little to peck the top of her head. Then he's maneuvering their positions so he can cup her face in his palms and kiss her soundly, rolling his tongue into hers for a few long seconds before separating their lips with a wet smack. He can't help but smirk when he pulls away to see her eyes still closed, her breath leaving her in short, quiet gasps.

“Oh-ho. Who’s lost the ability to form words now?”

Mabel’s eyes flutter open and she blinks a few times before she glares at him, a hot blush spreading over her face. “Butthead.”

Dipper giggles in response, the corners of his mouth turned up in a knowing smile. He takes back one of his arms from around her shoulders to swipe something off the wall behind her head. It takes her by surprise and she jerks her head back a little when he unceremoniously presses a now only mildly sticky mustache back under her nose with one quick jab of his thumb. Both of their shoulders are shaking with stifled laughs by the time he has her chin caught between his thumb and pointer finger and is leaning in towards her, tilting his head at a ridiculously exaggerated angle, attempting to avoid as much contact as possible with the scratchy fake facial hair when he finally presses his lips onto hers. It only lasts for a second before Mabel snorts, the resulting bellyaching laughter erupting from both twins forcing them to break apart.

“There,” he says jokingly when the giggles have died down enough for him to talk again. “I kissed you with the stupid mustache on. Now you can never question my loyalty.”

Mabel peels the thing off her face and jabs it onto the front of his shirt, making him scoff with amusement. “Hmmm. You win this round, contestant Pines.” Her game show host persona returns and she wags a finger at him; he just grins back.

The sweat dries cool on their skin, sending a chill down Mabel’s spine and eventually causing the realization that it’s probably not the best idea to be sitting around naked in their living room. So they peel themselves off of the now damp chair and get to their feet, hand in hand, legs still a little wobbly; Dipper bends down to hand Mabel her pile of clothes first before reaching for his own. His eyes dart furtively over to where Mabel’s getting dressed as he steps into his boxers, and he blushes when he catches her staring back over at him. She smiles toothily and shrugs, yanking her sweater over her head and pulling out her hair.

“What? Mabel *likes*.”

He laughs, “Yeah, well.” Swiping his forgotten Nyarf gun off the floor along with his pants, he shoots the last dart at her butt, hitting his target flawlessly and causing her to squeak out a noisy giggle. “So does Dipper.”

When they’re both a little cleaned up and successfully clothed again, Dipper retrieves his packet of practice questions, trying to straighten out the crinkled paper against his thigh as he saunters back over to his sister’s side. She’s staring vacantly at something in front of her and he follows her gaze to the scene of their very recent crime.

Oh... right. Dipper shifts uncomfortably.

The first thing their dad is probably going to do when he gets home in a couple of hours is turn on football, and then sit down.

In his favorite armchair.

Wiiiiith... the giant wet spot on it.

And stains that are obviously... what they are.

Dipper cringes. "Oh shit. That's... should we like...?"

He doesn't have to finish his sentence for Mabel to know exactly what he's getting at. "Yeahhh..." She chews on her lip, continuing to stare down at the dingy yellow armchair. Then she snorts out a laugh, because this is way too awkward to not be funny.

They stand there for a few more seconds before Dipper breaks the silence, scratching the back of his neck. "Uh, I'll go get some towels. And some soap."

"And then after we flip the cushion," Mabel says.

"Definitely. And then I'm thinkin' Febreze. A lot of Febreze."

Mabel nods vigorously. "Agreed."